Nothing Works Anymore *David Sanford*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — February 14, 1970, 50 cents

Mr. Nixon's War

Mr. Gallup tells us that 65 percent of the country approves of the way Mr. Nixon is "handling the situation in Vietnam." And how is he handling it? It would be astonishing if 65 percent of the people could answer that question. The briefing officials whose task it was last week to explain the budget could not. They could not even estimate what the war might cost in fiscal '71 (the fiscal 1970 figure is $23.2 billion). And why couldn't they? Because the disclosure of this information, they said, would not be in the national interest, or the interest of peace. We do know, however, that the US plans to spend $2.6 billion on the South Vietnamese military alone, plus $300 million in related economic assistance. The country accepts all this calmly. The debate has gone limp. The young who once shouted "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids did you kill today" are now talking about ecology. What else can they do? They sat-in, taught-in, rang doorbells in '68, paraded in Chicago, and traveled by the thousands last fall to Washington to petition the government. The President responded by watching football on television, and his Secretary of

(Continued on page 9)

BEREA O

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The Winstons aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

There are Apaches on the reservation in Clear Fork, Arizona, who can remember the last, hopeless Apache uprising in 1900. But for Della Alakay, a seven-year-old Apache, the enemy is not the U.S. Cavalry.

She and her people are fighting another kind of war. This time the enemies are poverty, disease and despair. And for the first time in generations, there's a chance that the Apaches might win: thanks to the courageous efforts of her own people and other Americans like the Winstons.

Anne and Stan Winston and their two daughters live in a New York suburb 2,000 miles from the reservation. But it's another world. The Winstons live in a big, old house and complain about a big, new mortgage. Their girls have a closetful of clothes and "nothing to wear." They have bikes, skates, games, books, records and "nothing to do."

Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Winstons are helping Della. The cost is $15.00 a month. It's not a lot of money, but certainly the Winstons could have thought of a lot of other things to do with it. Fortunately they thought of Della first.

To her, these funds make a remarkable difference. She no longer need feel embarrassed about not having shoes, a decent school dress, school supplies, or pocket money.

Some of the pressure, too, is off her parents, who can now begin thinking about making their home a little more livable. Also, and perhaps most important, part of the money is put into a fund from which the village can borrow to start self-help projects, including better housing and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children as well as children in Appalachia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

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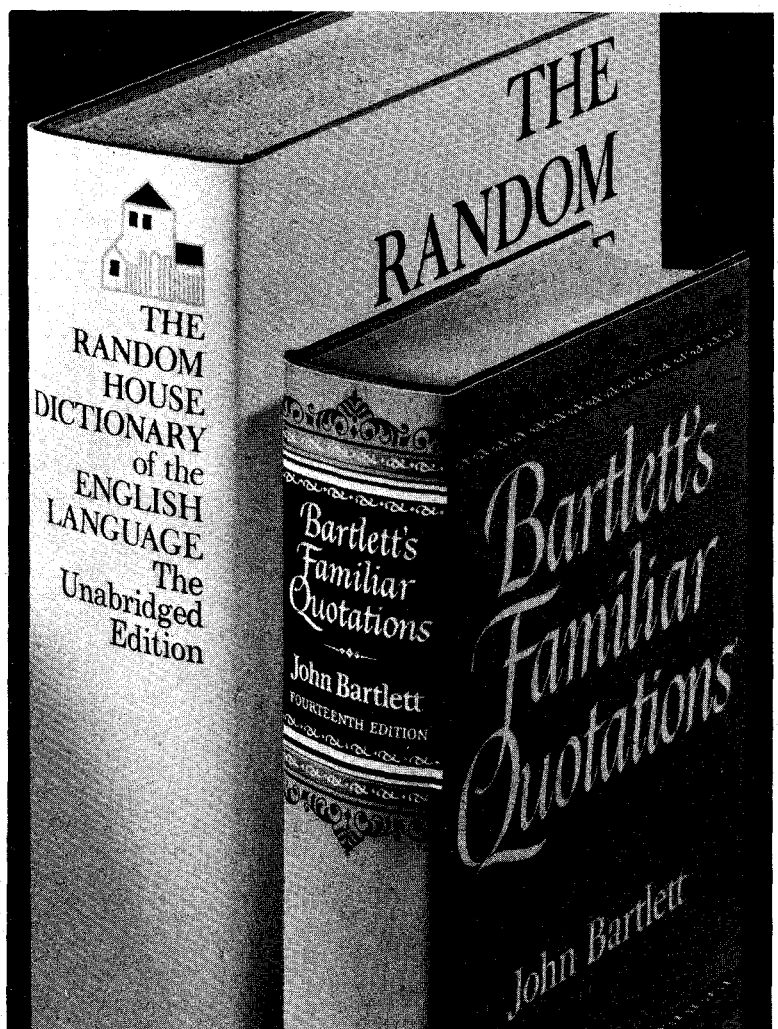

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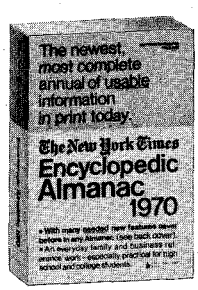

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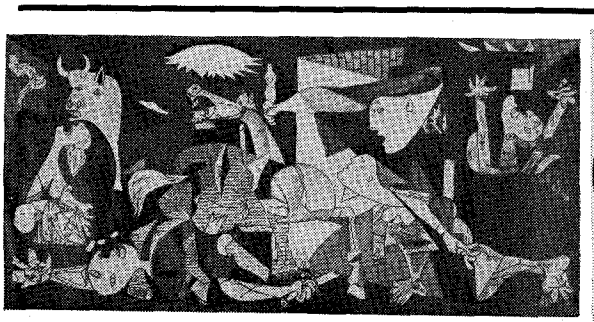

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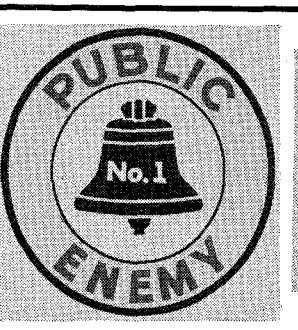

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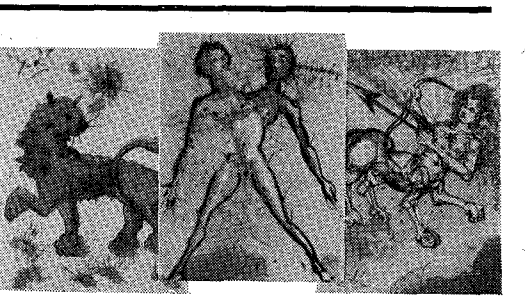

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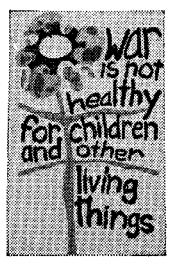

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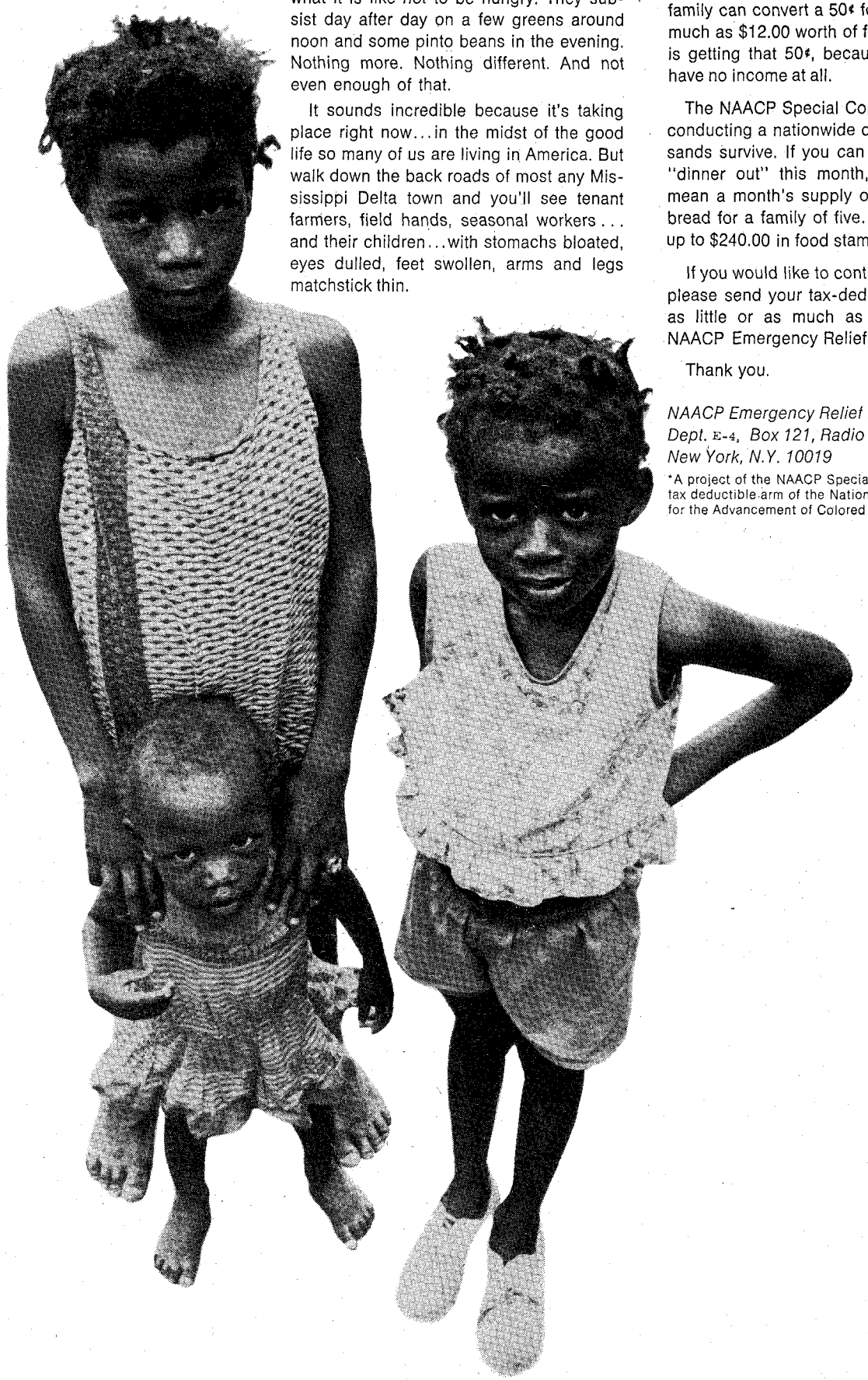

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Congress and the Court

A good many people think of the Supreme Court as a kind of IBM machine in which you put information, press buttons and pull out the inevitable decision. Actually, of course, it is an intensely human institution, the only one of its kind in the world, composed (presumably) of wise men and, in any case, attempting to keep the inspired Constitution abreast of changing times. It will shock many, perhaps (though it is taught in every law school) that the nine-man Court is a part judicial, and part political, institution.

The Warren Court recognized that the nation was in the throes of a social revolution long before Congress, and for 16 amazing years it was frequently the activist element in government. In desegregation, freedom of speech, relations of church and state, and political redistricting, its work will not be overturned. But what it attempted to do in its final phase, to give the poor and ignorant (which often meant blacks) the same protection in the field of criminal procedure which the rich get by good lawyers, is under assault.

Here, indeed, the work of the Warren Court is being torn down stone by stone in a double attack, springing from national hysteria over the crime issue. Mr. Nixon in the 1968 campaign demanded harsher penalties for crime and accused the Court of being soft on criminals. Insofar as courts and police need more money (and they need a lot) Mr. Nixon's new budget is gratifying. But in his war on crime he ignores the old Johnson "war on poverty." Yet it is the ardent verdict of the Milton Eisenhower Commission on Violence that the first war cannot be won without beating poverty, too.

The other attack on the high court is more subtle. It involves the caliber and type of men Mr. Nixon is appointing to it. Chief Justice Burger is a good-looking, middle-road, middle-income American with no spectacular evidence of intellectual distinction. He is an advocate of "law and order"; a man of evident good will, whose decisions before promotion were overruled with some regularity by higher courts.

Judge Haynsworth's ill-advised nomination was rejected by the Senate, 55 to 45, so we won't go into *that*. And now we have Mr. Nixon's latest little poke on the Warren court, Judge Carswell. It is true that he was only 28 when he declared that he was for white supremacy, and there is a magnanimous feeling that words spoken by one so young should not be counted against him; just as if Mr. Carswell were a Negro and declared that he was for black supremacy when, of course, nobody in the Senate would raise the matter. At his televised press conference, Mr. Nixon made rather a sick joke about Carswell's role in helping to incorporate an all-white golf club intended to deny blacks the use of a facility supported by their taxes. Well, asked Mr. Nixon with intended humor, aren't we all like that?

In more recent years, as a Florida judge, Mr. Carswell was apparently rough on civil rights lawyers who came into the state to get out the black vote. So what? As Mr. Nixon says, the high court needs "balance."

The Nixon turnaround of the Warren Court may be the single most lasting event of his Administration. Justice Black is 84 this month; Justice Douglas is 71, with a heart-pacer; and Justice Harlan, 70, has eye trouble. There may soon be a Nixon majority.

What most people don't realize is how fiercely the beleaguered Court is already under attack in trying to protect the poor in the field of criminal procedure – against unlawful arrest, search and seizure, self-incrimination, excessive bail, and the right to speedy trial. Since 1803 when the Court decided *Marbury vs Madison* it has been assumed that Congress can't overturn a Court decision. But this has its limits. In 1966 Justice Warren delivered the *Miranda* decision, for example, saying that defendants in criminal cases have the right to be told they may remain silent, and have counsel. In another case *(Wade)* the Court ruled that defendants have the right to counsel in a police line-up, short of other safeguards. But Congress in the 1968 Omnibus Crime Act said that evidence in such cases *should* be admitted, in spite of the Court's citation of the 5th and 6th Amendments. A potential confrontation between Court and Congress exists.

Nor is this all. Congress, in effect, has overruled the Court in the use of evidence from illegal wiretapping; Congress argues that it isn't reversing the Court on a constitutional issue in such matters, it is just setting up standards in the "administration" of the law. Where the distinction lies, nobody knows.

In its panic over crime and nudged by Mr. Nixon, Congress has just overruled the Court's declaration that a defendant is entitled to see illegally obtained evidence. Congress limits this; it authorizes a judge to screen out what he may decide is "irrelevant" evidence. Again, the Court ruled that a defendant can challenge evidence secured illegally; Congress puts a 5-year statute of limitations on the 4th Amendment.

The Senate has just whipped through a bill allowing federal agents to burst into a house where narcotics are suspected and where a judge thinks the evidence will be destroyed; they may come in without knocking or announcement. In the same field, the Administration urges Congress to pass a preventive detention bill, attacked by the American Bar Association and the Eisenhower Commission, suspending the presumption of innocence for 60 days.

Thought Crime

In Chicago the nation is seeing the conclusion of one of the most extraordinary trials in American history, the so-called "Chicago Seven." This is the first test of another hastily passed law, this one against riots; it was inserted almost without debate as a rider to the Civil Rights Act of 1968. It defines a riot as an assemblage of "three or more persons," and it determines guilt by the "intent" (thoughts) of the participants.

Not only is the new Nixon Court, judging by its beginnings, likely to avoid constitutional innovation in days to come, but it may also remain passive in the panicky onslaughts of Congress on the safeguards of the individual when these cases inevitably come to it for review.

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Mr. Nixon's War

State said later that the other side would never negotiate in good faith "while this dissent is occurring in the United States." 19,000 men are scheduled to be drafted in March, 60,000 young Americans slip away to Canada to evade military service, and the Mylai "incident" sinks out of sight. Commentators turn to trendier controversies, professors go back to their seminars, and *The New York Times* which had forthrightly criticized the war lays off; no doubts about basic Administration policy can be found in *Times* editorials this past month. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, having postponed Vietnam hearings last November, now resumes them, but Senator Fulbright has not let it be felt that this is the moment for any aggressive and sustained challenge to the Administration.

The explanation for this thinning of resistance is Mr. Nixon's "plan for peace." To show that it's the genuine article, the President has withdrawn some combat troops – though not as many as he announced he will withdraw. This is his testament of good intentions, his sign that the movement toward peace is "irreversible." But the withdrawals, according to a top secret schedule that appears very flexible indeed, have yet to be seen for what they are: the slow substitution of one fighting force for another – hardly a "plan for peace." Meanwhile, Vietnamization is packaged and super-sold as the new miracle drug, though with no proof of its efficacy. ("A great public-relations success," Senator Goodell calls it.) The Paris peace talks drift along. They are bound to drift, since by negotiation Mr. Nixon seems to mean what Thieu and Ky mean – a negotiated surrender.

The President's plan has copious footnotes. When the House Republican leader, Gerald Ford, came to Nashville, Tennessee recently and was asked if he thought the President envisioned a permanent American military presence in South Vietnam, he replied, "Well, I'm sure there will be some." On January 28, the Secretary of the Air Force announced that we would double the size of the South Vietnamese air force within two years, so that by the end of 1971 the United States might only be operating *half* the air missions. "Informed sources" have convinced Senator Goodell that 300,000 US troops will be in Vietnam by the first of next year, and only 50,000 fewer by January, 1972.

Senator Harold Hughes is right. Vietnamization is "simply an extension of Johnson's foreign policy . . . it will perpetuate our involvement." The war-by-proxy which it contemplates may require a retreat to enclaves in order to keep American casualties low. But

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we will go on propping up the Saigon regime with dollars, logistic support, economic aid, and fighting men. "Obviously," Secretary Rogers said last month, "we will have to have some combat troops with the support forces to protect them in the event of an attack. . . . What I want to say is, there is a difference between the combat role and combat troops." Earlier the Secretary had sketched the future this way: "Once the combat part of the war is taken over by the South Vietnamese . . . we will *consider* removal of the other troops. But we have to do that consistent with the conditions in Vietnam." [Italics added.]

What might these conditions be? "A high Vietnamese official" quoted in a newly released report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee echoes Mr. Goodell: "The talk in Saigon among Vietnamese as well as Americans, is in terms of keeping some 250,000 troops there for years." It hardly needs saying that a "plan for peace" along these lines is satisfactory to Thieu and Ky. It also has its mirror image in Peking, which pledges continuing aid to Hanoi and urges it to keep fighting "until total victory."

Vietnamization can have one of two consequences, both dismal. One – it will "work," in the sense that the Saigon regime will, with open-ended and substantial US help, be able to maintain itself and hold most of the countryside against protracted guerrilla attacks. A situation of prolonged instability will have been created, and one for which we shall remain indefinitely responsible, with our responsibility including a corrupt and repressive government in Saigon. The poison of Vietnam will continue to work on our national arteries, although perhaps to a less virulent degree.

"Good heavens! It's a used car and I bought it!"

Two—at some stage in the gradual withdrawal of US combat forces, the Saigon regime will begin to give way to political pressures from its own dissident elements, and to military pressure from the NLF and North Vietnamese forces. The President will then have to choose between accepting a debacle for which the American public will be quite unprepared, or rushing in more troops. He has not ruled out the latter. Secretary of Defense Laird was asked last July 27: "Once you start Vietnamizing the war or once you start withdrawing troops, don't you have to just continue down that road pretty well?" Laird did not hesitate: "No, you do not."

In either case, for a long time to come 60 or 80 or 100 American lives a week (and what of the lives and livelihoods of the Vietnamese?) will be sacrificed; destruction will continue to be reaped on a peasant adversary who has never threatened the United States.

The tourniquet that can stop this slow bleeding is a negotiated settlement, an alternative to which the Administration gives no more than lip service. When Secretary Rogers claimed on October 12, 1969 that "we have made every concession that has been suggested we make in the past nine months," his aghast questioner, Joseph Kraft, could only ask, "*Every* concession, Mr. Secretary?" Just as astounding is Mr. Nixon's assertion that "the enemy still insists on . . . a political settlement which would mean the imposition of a Communist government on the people of South Vietnam against their will, and defeat and humiliation for the US." Public statements of the NLF and Hanoi, as well as private conversations by their representatives or allies with responsible Americans in Paris and Moscow do not justify so despairing a view. On the contrary, they give some hope that a tolerable compromise can be reached. Not a capitulation, but a settlement. We do not dismiss as pure propaganda the last paragraph of Ho Chi Minh's letter of July 15, 1969 to President Nixon, asking for "goodwill on both sides," so that "a correct solution to the Vietnamese problem" may be negotiated.

Now we come to the nub of it. No "correct solution," no mutually acceptable settlement, can be arrived at so long as Mr. Nixon sees the struggle in Vietnam as a "challenge of free-world leadership," or so long as Thieu and Ky are the linchpins of US policy. A truer sense of proportion in Washington is the first requirement for meaningful talks. The second is receptivity to the idea of a Saigon government made up of Southerners who want to end the war: an interim coalition that represents, as the NLF's 10-point peace proposal of May 8, 1969, states, "the various social strata and political tendencies in South Vietnam that will stand

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for peace, independence and neutrality – including those persons who, for political reasons, have to live abroad." The NLF proposal went further: "During the period intervening between the restoration of peace and the holding of general elections, neither party shall impose its political regime on the people of South Vietnam."

On the face of it, this is not a prescription for "suffocation" (the President's word) of the people of South Vietnam; nor is it a demand for the humiliation of the US. Implicit in proposals of Hanoi and the NLF is the co-existence of two societies in Vietnam. Reunification is left for future consultation and decision between South and North.

What about fears of a "bloodbath" once US troops have gone, or while they are leaving? Hanoi long ago suggested international supervision of withdrawals. We've learned to be skeptical about international observers, and no one can be sure that such a presence would guarantee the safety of our troops, or of public order in general. But there is some reassurance in the NLF's formal declaration that a provisional coalition government would be expected "to prohibit all acts of terror, reprisal and discrimination against people having collaborated with either side, and who are now in the country or abroad, as provided for by the 1954 Geneva Agreements on Vietnam."

If we are right that the war can be ended short of victory or capitulation by either side, why the delay? Perhaps because the Administration, like its predecessor, believes the generals who say we have "Charlie" on the run; perhaps because Mr. Nixon won't risk the chance that the Communists might, someday, prevail in the South, leaving him open to right-wing charges of a sell-out; or perhaps because the President does think Thieu is "one of the four or five best political leaders in the world." (On this point, a recent letter from Saigon by *The New Yorker*'s Robert Shaplen, reports that although a "silent majority" in the South "opposes the Communists, only a relatively small portion of it is really behind Thieu"; Charlie may be on the run, but "the average Communist political worker in the South still has stronger motivation than his counterpart on the government side.")

The war's opponents should again grasp the initiative, look hard at what the Administration is and isn't doing, and press Mr. Nixon for real negotiations. If they don't, it's our hunch that when a new proposal for a settlement comes from the other side – if it does and whatever its merits – the Administration will dismiss it as a propaganda trick, and get away with it. We've never had much faith in the silent majority's pushing the President to make peace. But where's the near-silent minority? A settlement is possible. What blocks it is the refusal in Washington to talk realistically about a different distribution of political power in South Vietnam.

Writing on the Wall

Experts claim to be able to tell a lot about a man from his handwriting. It isn't necessary to be an expert to deduce from the budget some interesting things about the President. Mr. Nixon has written a big one but with a small and finicky – and gimmicky – fist. Take the sentence in his budget message, "For the first time in two full decades the federal government will spend more money on human resource programs than on national defense." It is clear-cut as a diamond. Unfortunately it won't cut glass or much else.

What are "human resource programs"? The message explains that this new concept, a typical Nixon construct, includes education, health, manpower, veterans' benefits and "income security" programs. And what are "income security" programs? These, when unwound in their turn, are revealed to be good old social security and unemployment insurance, plus the President's "family assistance plan." The last is new, and on it the budget proposes conferring only $500 million. The other "human resource" items, all old, add up to a whopping $81.4 billion. Mr. Nixon's message excitedly called on everyone to observe that this is an increase of over $6 billion. The inference that is supposed to be drawn is that the President is a big spender on "human resource" programs, yet still manages a budget surplus, albeit a small one ($1.3 billion). The catch is that the $6 billion increase in the cost of those programs is mandatory. It is a built-in, automatic increase that arises from laws already on the books, and natural growth factors. Nothing the President could have done would have altered it. What he has contrived, within his extremely narrow limits of maneuver, is a bit of neat but gaudy arithmetic. Spending on "human resource" programs has been made to account for 41 percent of the budget, which turns out to be exactly the share of the budget dollar that spending on arms and on space accounts for this fiscal year. But spending on defense and on space is to drop from 41 to 37 percent of the new budget. Presto! The order of things has been reversed – and in the direction that the country, sick of Vietnam and of the military-industrial complex, wants to go. As the President's Economic Report acknowledged, there is "a growing sense that

COMING: Ralph E. Lapp on an unpublicized plan to spend another $10 billion for space

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the national output is not being used efficiently to meet our most important needs," and that therefore the Administration has "to think carefully about how to choose the claims upon the national output that will be met, since we cannot meet them all." That's what Mr. Nixon's budget achieves, isn't it?

No. The neatly juxtaposed ratios disguise a Nixon gimmick or two. While spending on weapons and on NASA is scheduled to take a $6.3 billion cut, that spending will still stand at at least $77 billion, which is far too much at a time when the Administration is self-confessedly strapped for funds for vital domestic programs. The boast that domestic programs now take more of the budget dollar than weapons is empty, when such programs are deliberately defined to include both veterans' benefits and social security, as well as health and education. *Of course* more money should be going to such things than to armaments; that the reverse was for some time the shameful case is the root of the taxpayers' revolt. In fact, the budget boast may prove even emptier than a glance reveals. For Mr. Nixon proposes very little new spending on such urgent needs as income subsidies for the very poor, eradicating widespread illiteracy among city slum children, mass transit, and air and water pollution. All he intends is some cautious initial experimenting. If the programs look like working, perhaps he will spend on them – provided there is then money available, and that new, more pressing demands have not presented themselves, such as another Vietnam or a new hassle with the Russians or Chinese.

In brief, this budget is putting up "R & D" – research and development money – for what the President proudly calls his "initiatives." But it takes good care of possible future needs of such projects as space stations, anti-missile missiles, multiple hydrogen bombs and numerous new submarines. In spite of talk about more money going to human beings than to missiles, no irreversible step has been taken. No decision has been even reached. Arms and defense spending has been pared in deference to budgetary limitations, but can be resumed and expanded at will. In the Pentagon's dark mine, the financial pumps are still working to keep ABM and MIRV alive and well. On ABM alone, the budget proposes spending $1.5 billion, which is more than Mr. Nixon's hoped-for but precarious $1.3 billion budget surplus. He could have doubled the latter simply by suspending further spending on ABM. That would also have been one step forward for mankind. The decision to push on with a bigger ABM can hardly assist the forthcoming, April talks with the Russians about limiting strategic weapons. The Soviet Union's suspicions won't be assuaged by double-talk about the ABM being aimed at China (Mr. Nixon) but also made necessary by the Soviet missile build-up (Laird). That isn't the way to encourage the Russians not to waste their money on more big missiles. As for the federal budget, the $1.5 billion for ABM constitutes a perhaps irrevocable commitment to subsequent spending of another $11 billion or more. That is the budget crux. Inflation and out-of-control military spending – the latter largely the cause of the former – brought the country to a crossroads. The President acknowledges this. But his budget fails to indicate unequivocally which path the Administration intends to follow from now on. While affecting to take the road he knows full well the nation wants him to, the President, under camouflage of much specious talk about "human resource" programs and balancing the budget, has kept his real options wide open.

The next move is with the Congress. The President's Economic Report insists that "the country is already at a point where . . . a decision to satisfy an existing claim on a larger scale or to satisfy a new claim will require giving up something . . ." ABM and MIRV, and putting the Air Force into space are projects that ought to be foreclosed. Efforts to improve the environment, end illiteracy and reduce poverty have to be increased. Mr. Nixon and his economic advisers believe that a budget surplus will help end inflation, yet will permit the new chairman of the Federal Reserve to slacken the high interest rates that are throttling home building. The Congress need not quarrel with this analysis, even though the evidence of correlation between budget surpluses and steadier price levels is inconclusive. What Congress can fairly do, and should, is support Administration proposals for manpower training, unemployment insurance and assistance to needy families, while resisting with all its might the continuing military spending which is still far too high. Especially it should fight against military programs like ABM that contain the seeds of their own further expansion. Only on that condition can Mr. Nixon's uninspiring budget even pass muster.

Seaman Priest

At the Court of Military Appeals in Washington in late January, Andy Granatelli's STP stickers were being handed out. The letters didn't stand for a racing car oil-additive, they stood for "Save The Priest."

The "Priest" in question is a tall blond sailor from Texas named Roger Priest, charged by the Navy with making disloyal statements and with soliciting fellow servicemen to desert and to "commit sedition." Maximum penalty: 36 years in the brig.

Priest is the first serviceman-dissenter to be brought to trial whose *only* offense is the expression of ideas distasteful to his superiors. It is a clear-cut First Amendment case. The offending views appeared in a newsletter, entitled *OM*, which Priest wrote, pub-

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lished and distributed, taking care to do so in off-duty hours. The disrespect shown for prevailing authority is not in dispute. General Earle Wheeler is a "pig"; Melvin Laird is "People's Enemy No. 1" and "a practising prostitute and a pimp"; L. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, is, by reference, a hog mucking up an otherwise clean stream. Two persons have seen a letter which Congressman Rivers sent to the Pentagon, directing the military to "silence" Priest.

The Navy first charged Priest with "wrongfully" using "contemptuous words" against Rep. Rivers. That charge was later dropped—perhaps because the Navy would have been put in the embarrassing position of repeating, in its own statement of charges, and thus giving further currency to, Seaman Priest's "contemptuous words."

Priest published the first of his newletters in April, 1969. After the second issue, in May, Priest observed three carloads of crew-cut men, conspicuously looking up at his apartment window from a parking lot below. The Navy later admitted that it had assigned no less than 25 such investigators to keep tabs on Priest. It had also elicited the help of the Washington, DC Sanitation Department to make a special pick-up of his trash, for Naval inspection. When Priest addressed a peace workshop in Cleveland, of the 15 persons in his audience, six were thought to be naval investigators.

In addition to raising the First Amendment issue, Priest's lawyer, David Rein, is challenging one arbitrary feature of military courts-martial that has heretofore been accepted as gospel. Last November, the military judge in the case dismissed, as legally deficient, the two most serious charges against Priest—soliciting desertion and sedition. When this decision was reported to the "convening authority" (the admiral who had ordered the court-martial in the first place), the admiral directed that the military judge "reconsider" his decision. Webster defines "reconsider" as "to think over or ponder again." The Navy means "do what the admiral says." The trial judge so interpreted the word and dutifully reversed himself. Lawyer Rein, assisted by two Navy lawyers assigned to Priest's defense, challenged the authority of the convening authority to overrule the trial judge. That challenge was heard January 23 by the Court of Military Appeals.

The government's argument, if transferred by analogy to the field of civilian justice would run like this: If the Justice Department brings an indictment and a federal district judge finds it legally deficient, the judge's ruling ought to be appealable, not to a higher court, but back to the Justice Department, where the indictment originated—*and the Attorney General should have absolute power to order the trial judge to reinstate the charges.* In fact, the government's position in the Priest case is more absurd than that, for the Navy contended that on an issue involving solely a matter of law, the trial judge (who must be a trained lawyer) can be overruled by an admiral who is not required to have—and in this case did not have—any legal training whatever.

Former Michigan Senator Homer Ferguson, now a member of the Court of Military Appeals, seemed to find this argument thin. The attitude of his two colleagues has been harder to discern. But even if they decide in the defendant's favor, and two of the six charges are dismissed, Seaman Priest will stand trial for the publication of a newsletter that "contained statements disloyal to the United States." We must wait and see how, and by what authority, the Navy defines "disloyal."

Philip M. Stern

Flagwaving

Who decides these idiotic things? What bigot decided that display of the American flag signifies support of the Vietnam war? I first encountered this nutty idea about three years ago when a married couple of my acquaintance who might be described as concerned citizens picketed a butcher who was displaying the American flag. Confused by this fatuous caper, I asked why. Because, they replied, flying the American flag indicated support of the Vietnam war, and the butcher was soliciting the custom of war-mongers. It seemed to me that the lunatic fringe was expanding fast.

For many years I have displayed the American flag on my porch on Sundays and holidays and on any day that promises to be less banal than most – like the day, for instance, in which we are expecting friends. I also have a decal of the flag on a window in my car. These rituals have no specific meaning that I am aware of. I enjoy the flag and the holiday feeling it gives me. The design and the colors are bold and gay. Displaying the flag also has a pleasant social connotation. It is like a wave of the hand to all Americans, no matter what they believe.

But now it appears that people in my category have to defend themselves. To anyone passing my house and noting the flag I wish therefore to make a declaration: I have been appalled by the Vietnam war for years. I do not condone the ghastly casualty lists and the brutalization of American soldiers. Also, squandering billions of our dollars on an ABM interception network seems to me not only extravagant but hysterical and futile. The Department of Defense is pompous and mischievous – a moth-eaten relic of the McKinley days when Theodore Roosevelt, a frustrated assistant secretary of the Navy, told a friend that he thought the country needed a war, and he would support one which he did. I am not a pacifist, but I despise imperialism.

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Considering the awful alternatives, I voted for Kennedy and Johnson, one of whom acquiesced in imperialism, and the other, I think, rather enjoyed it. But I have never voted for Nixon at any time or place, and I am still astonished that a man whose only asset is persistence can get himself elected President of the United States. In 1968 I voted for Muskie, involuntarily giving Humphrey a vote he did not deserve. Since our loquacious Vice President has already denounced me and thousands of fellow citizens as effete snobs I may as well confess that I have had no confidence in any President since Harry Truman. He knew what he was doing. None of the others had control of the affairs of the nation. In case you see a flag on my porch don't jump to the conclusion that I think American imperialism is nobler than the imperialism of other nations. In the case of Vietnam it is no nobler than the Russian imperialism we all find so offensive.

The flag celebrates a great many more things than the war, inflation, high interest rates and a depressed stock market. It celebrates the Grand Canyon, the sequoias and redwoods, Mt. Ranier and the Hudson River; it celebrates Harvard College, the New York Public Library and the Smithsonian Institution; it celebrates George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln; it celebrates John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King and millions of other things, including you and me. It celebrates the common experience of Americans. No one can suborn the flag to promote his own causes and beliefs. The New York policemen who are now authorized to wear flag-pins on their uniforms to indicate support of the war have no more corporate use of the flag than the Ku Klux Klan, which imagines that it is saving America.

In 1816 Stephen Decatur, a flamboyant naval officer, outraged the effete snobs of his day by a spread-eagle toast usually quoted as follows: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country, right or wrong!" Every philosopher knows that the toast is untenable on moral grounds and people have been denouncing it as vicious jingoism ever since. But right or wrong, it states a fact of life. The overwhelming majority of American citizens are loyal to their country, right or wrong no matter what happens; and only a few disturbed people, like Lee Harvey Oswald, transfer their beliefs to other nations.

No one questions the patriotism of those who use the flag to indicate their support of American policy in Vietnam. But the jurisdiction of the flag also includes those of us who regard the Vietnam war as a betrayal of American principles of humanity. When you see the flag on my porch you can be sure that I enjoy being an American and expect to enjoy America as long as I live, although I do not support the pious hypocrisy of our government.

Brooks Atkinson

Enough of Reagan?

San Francisco

You hear it said in California that Governor Ronald Reagan is a shoo-in for reelection, because he's so tough with students and looks so good on television; and his opponent Jess Unruh is not electable statewide, because he can't shake the Big Daddy image and a passel of enemies he collected as majority leader in the state assembly. Both are as close to truth as the once-held thesis that a grade B movie actor without any experience in politics could never be elected governor.

Over the past year, the myth of Reagan's invincibility has grown apace with his soaring popularity and the state's burgeoning, unmet needs. But while Reagan rails against spending, taxes mushroom and the state budget bulges beyond anything former governor Pat Brown ever imagined. While Reagan pronounces on law and order, the crime rates goes up faster than ever. A poll taken by the Alioto forces shortly before the San Francisco mayor withdrew showed Unruh a scant five percentage points behind Reagan in voter preference – a dramatic surge, if accurate, since last November when the California poll showed Unruh trailing the governor by 22 points.

What's Jess Unruh like these days, shorn of nearly 100 pounds since his Big Daddy past and minus the final 'e' in his first name? He's now the rough and tumble politician, eschewing power plays, patiently trying to stitch the ragged Democratic party back together. He began shortly after the death of Robert Kennedy, when he told a joint gathering of Kennedy and McCarthy supporters in the International Hotel in Los Angeles, "You are the ones who understand the necessity for change, who know the old institutions are not good enough no matter how much they are overhauled." It was he who found a place for the McCarthy people in the California delegation to Chicago, and they have been with him ever since.

Once at odds with Unruh over Vietnam, the volunteer-activist California Democratic Council is now firmly in his camp. CDC president John Burton feels Unruh will rally anti-Reagan sentiment of all stripes. "Everyone who's concerned about what Reagan has done to the state," he says, "has to use Unruh as the instrument to get Reagan out of office. If decent people can't agree on getting rid of Reagan they can't agree on anything." Unruh has been able to make his peace not only with the weakened main body of the CDC but with the splinter clubs that quit CDC when it joined the dump Johnson movement.

The withdrawal of Mayor Joseph Alioto gives Unruh a straight shot at Reagan, improving his chances considerably, although they are still far from even. A potentially bitter primary fight in the spring has been avoided, which, even in victory, would have depleted Unruh's campaign chest and left him badly cut up.

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Alioto's departure also frees large chunks of Democratic money, assures Unruh of near solid labor support, and gives him time to marshal his troops for the final assault. Shortly after the San Francisco mayor made his decision to pull out, he met with his supporters and decided against urging any other Northern Californian to compete with Unruh. Los Angeles' maverick Mayor Sam Yorty has made noises about entering the primary, but he will probably stay on the sidelines, which is where he belongs.

Unruh's initial low-level forays have educated him. Seated in his cramped San Francisco headquarters on the fringe of the financial district, Unruh explains, "It's like living in a two-level house where the people on one level don't have any contact with the people on the other. The interested, concerned people are wildly anti-Reagan, but they don't constitute anywhere near a majority. The people who go to work in the morning and come home at night and all they know of the world is what they see on their television are still heavily under his influence."

Still, Unruh is heartened. In addition to the Kennedy-McCarthy activists, the CDC and labor, the Humphrey people are coming in (former Governor Edmund Brown has announced he'd work for his old nemesis). Unruh expects solid backing from most Democratic elected officials, state employees, professional educators and students.

He spoke to some students recently in the faculty dining commons at the University of California at Davis, a relatively quiet, agriculturally oriented campus near Sacramento. Half an hour before he was due to arrive, the room was nearly filled and students started lining the walls, standing beneath campaign posters that showed Unruh listening intently to a group of *chicanos*. By the time the candidate showed up, fifteen minutes late, more than 600 students had jammed the room, spilling down a passageway at the rear and overflowing onto a patio behind the speaker. Unruh, in a dark suit and wide, striped tie, spoke with easy self-assurance. They liked what they heard. On offshore oil drilling: "I can't believe that if everyone who says they're opposed to drilling for oil in the Santa Barbara Channel would do something about it, we would still have drilling going on. . . . We've got to stop backing off when it gets down to stepping on the toes of the economic interests. We've got to tell the oil people they must stop drilling and tell the automobile people they must build something to replace the automobile that spews pollution into our air. . . . We ought to require the people who make the profit to pay for the mess. We ought to say to Ford and General Motors that they are responsible for the automobiles that litter our countryside and they are responsible for removing them. We could make them do that."

Tough questions followed. Would he favor a shift away from businessmen as University Regents to people who knew something about education? Answer: "There's no reason that 16 millionaires and eight politicians can do a better job than a couple of carpenters and some students. Just because people have been successful in this acquisitive society of ours doesn't mean they're fit to run our social institutions." Economic elitism in government appointments? "This," answered Unruh, "is a government of the elite, by the elite, and for the elite. We've got to start appointing some people who only make $3-to-$4,000 a year."

Some say that talk like that runs counter to a conservative tide running deep and swift in California and elsewhere. A few in the Unruh camp have tried to convince him to hunker down until a more propitious time. But it was just this sort of caution that Unruh rejected when he argued early on that Robert Kennedy should make the race against Johnson, and his arguments came back to him in making his own decision. Unruh says that the most painful thing in his political life was losing Kennedy: "I learned some things from that. I'm a little more inclined toward political risk-taking than I was before. I'm a little more fatalistic about what's going to happen."

Unruh is aware of the significance of the prize he seeks. He constantly reminds his audiences of the national importance of toppling the symbol of reactionary Republicanism. An attractive Democrat who can slay this conservative Goliath and heal a sundered party would be no minor figure in 1972.

Unruh is a worrier. He worries he won't be able to stir people emotionally as Kennedy did, worries because he isn't as attractive as Reagan, worries about his manipulative boss image. What he does have is an encyclopedic knowledge of the state's problems and the intricate machinery of government. And something else. He has mellowed; there is a concern for the left-outs evident in him that has its own charisma. As for the Big Daddy image, it would seem odd to reject Unruh for having played with the economic interests, by and large with good results, and reelect Reagan who is owned by them lock, stock and borax.

Gerald Lubenow

The Nixon Watch

Birth of a Budget

Around noon of Saturday, January 3, a reporter and Henry A. Kissinger, the President's foreign policy man, were chatting on the sunny patio outside Kissinger's office at the California White House when Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler emerged from an adjoining office. Ziegler stared for a moment at the visitor and then, with a look of consternation so ex-

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treme that the reporter thought he must be kidding, whirled and dashed back into the office from which he had come, slamming the door behind him as he vanished. There, it developed later, he told H. R. (Bob) Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, the President's chief domestic assistants, that disaster was upon them. They had been talking over the final, secret figures of the Nixon budget for fiscal 1971 and, through the open door of the office, the reporter must have heard it all. Mr. Nixon is no man to tolerate leaks of that magnitude, accidental or not, and his prospective wrath was too awful for contemplation.

It was well for the reporter that he had heard none of the budget talk, for he would have looked the fool afterward if he had taken the figures of early January as seriously as the President and the few officials who were privy to them did. After months of arduous study and review, and a last round of conferences with Budget Director Robert P. Mayo in California, the President had approved on that morning a 1971 budget – firm, sound, solid and balanced were the descriptives favored by his staff – that called for spending some $205 billion in the next fiscal year. Increased excise taxes and accelerated collection of estate taxes would, if voted by Congress, provide $3.2 billion of new revenue and a surplus of better than $2 billion. Mr. Nixon was said to be immensely pleased with his work. Projected defense spending was down, social spending was up, and the intended surplus, while smaller than he would have liked, stamped it as a mildly anti-inflationary budget. Expecting approval and applause from a valued quarter, he placed a telephone call from California to Arthur F. Burns in Washington. The results of the call, soon to be apparent, are recited with pride at the White House now, but they seem to me to bring the boasted sureness and efficiency of the Nixon decision process into question.

The budgetary views of Arthur Burns, a conservative economist and White House Counsellor who was about to become chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, were already known to the President. Throughout the previous months of preparation, Burns had urged upon Nixon the absolute necessity of a 1971 budget that promised a believable surplus of revenue over expenditure and did not depend for that result upon fiscal tricks, congressional vagary, and the imponderables that tend to make every Presidential budget a chancy exercise. Only a genuine surplus and stringently restrained expenditure, Burns had argued, would convince the public, the business community, Congress and his prospective colleagues on the Federal Reserve Board that the Administration was as determined as it said it was to check inflation. The FRB was especially important because the President counted on it, under Burns' chairmanship, for the gradual relaxation of recent credit and monetary restrictions that was thought necessary if the rate of inflation was to be diminished without a severe recession. How, given all this, Mr. Nixon could have been surprised and set a-back by Burns' response when he heard about the "final" budget decisions is puzzling, but he was. Burns said in his growly way, by telephone and after the President returned to Washington, that the adopted budget would not do. It turned upon the doubtful willingness of Congress to enact new taxes in an election year, just after it had voted income-tax cuts that far exceeded Nixon's wishes. The whole thing was slippery, tricky, too uncertain, smacking of a scheme to put congressional Democrats on the hook and relieve the Administration of responsibility for an inflationary rather than a counter-inflationary budget.

Enter George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. He was worried about the shrinkage of credit for housing, the inflated interest rates that added to costs, and the generally dimming prospects that the ambitious targets he had set for new housing could be met. Also, for a man who had been the Governor of Michigan and had hoped to be President, the first Nixon year had not been a happy one. Some of his proposed programs had been questioned and cut up by more favored Presidential advisers. He was counted, perhaps unfairly, among the least effective Cabinet members. It happened that he had an appointment with Burns on the Sunday afternoon after Nixon called Burns from California. Romney and Burns found themselves in perfect agreement about the Nixon budget and about its predictable effect upon housing, among other things, if it was not so reconstructed that credit sources could be expanded and interest rates could be lowered. That could be accomplished only if federal expenditures were brought within the limits of foreseeable revenue, minus the problematical tax increases recommended in the Nixon version. Romney alone could hardly have persuaded the President to alter a course that seemed to be firmly set. Even Burns, with his greater standing and influence, probably could not have. Together they prevailed and, incidentally, provided George Romney with his finest hour in Washington.

It occurred at an extraordinary Cabinet session convened by Nixon after he returned from California and had been exposed in private to the Burns and Romney arguments. Only Cabinet members were present, without the usual array of assistants. Nixon opened it by introducing Romney, with the announcement that he had something important to say. Romney said it, concluding with an offer to cut the HUD budget of about $3.5 billion, as it then stood, by five percent or $170 million. Nixon, in the manner of a pastor calling upon the faithful for contributions, challenged the other Cabinet heads to do likewise. They did and the consequence, after a fortnight of frantic review by agency staffs and the Budget Bureau, was the $202 billion budget with a precarious $1.3 billion surplus that the President submitted to Congress on February 2.

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Naturally enough, stories told of Nixon's own performance before and during the final stage – or "ratchet," as people in the Budget Bureau call each successive phase of fiscal evolution – do him more credit than this journal accords him in its analysis on page 11. But they are interesting, if for nothing more than their indication of the way he is viewed by his assistants. They say, for instance, that he insisted upon retaining through the final round some previously accepted increases in funds for heart, cancer and dental research. One of the more surprising items in a Nixon budget, a $17 million increase (to $40 million) in funds for the National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, is attributed to the intervention of Leonard Garment, a former Nixon law partner who joined the White House staff last summer and endeavors in every way he can to improve the Presidential image among the kind of people who value the arts. It also is said that the President worked terribly hard on the budget and enjoyed every minute of it. A story told in support of this point has him laboring at 11:30 on a recent night with William Safire, one of his speech and message writers, when Robert Mayo appeared, announcing happily that he had found another soft spot in the space agency's budget. The President shooed Safire from the office and an hour later, well past midnight, was still grinding away at the soft spot with Mayo. The submitted space budget for 1971 turned out to be $486 million lower than the one for this fiscal year.

The President is said to attach maximum importance to a budget corollary that received very little notice. This was his undertaking, in the annual economic message that accompanied his budget message, to "appoint a commission to study our financial structure and make recommendations to me for needed changes." Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, a dedicated critic of the Federal Reserve system, and of banking practices, suspected that this was just a device to postpone action on a pending proposal to ban one-bank holding companies. Not so, say Nixon associates who have discussed the need for such a study with the President. According to them, it is intended to be a serious though unobtrusive review of financial premises that have prevailed since the Federal Reserve System was established in 1914. It is said to reflect Mr. Nixon's conviction that the country's monetary and credit system simply is not working as it should and that it requires major changes. His commission study could be, in the long run, more important than the budget that he approved in January and the quite different one that he sent to Congress.

John Osborne

Sporting News from South Africa

"No" to Arthur Ashe

Cape Town

The most talked about man in South Africa today is the American Negro tennis player, Arthur Ashe. He is on record as saying: "South Africa, I really burn on that issue. I just want to take an H-bomb and drop it right on Johannesburg." But he had also applied for a visa for South Africa to play in the open tennis championships in Johannesburg next month, giving an assurance at the same time he would refrain from discussing anything except tennis while he was here and until a few weeks after his departure. The Vorster government rejected a State Department plea to grant him a visa. This is not the first time a prominent nonwhite person has been kept out of South Africa – Congressman Charles Diggs was refused an unrestricted visa earlier this year, and incidentally he is leading a retaliatory crusade now to keep the South African golfer, Gary Player, out of the United States.

Leading South African sportsmen and sports administrators are virtually unanimous in the opinion Ashe's exclusion means South Africa's exclusion from the Davis Cup and the Federation Cup (the two major international lawn tennis championships) and that this tennis crisis may then ripple out into a general crisis involving all South African international sport.

The significance of Ashe's exclusion is its timing. Steadily, over the past few years, South Africa has been pushed towards sports isolation: it has been expelled from international boxing, table-tennis and weight-lifting; suspended from soccer and fencing; its affiliation to judo blocked; and its life-savers asked to withdraw from international championships. It has been excluded, too, from the last two Olympic Games, and strenuous moves are now afoot to exclude it also from the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich – the Afri-

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can Sports Council (a division of the Organization for African Unity) will meet in Cairo next March to discuss this very matter; and, latterly, even one of South Africa's most reliable sports allies, New Zealand, has shown signs of cooling off: its Amateur Athletics Association will not pursue plans to invite South African athletes to New Zealand next year for fear of forfeiting Christchurch's chance to play host to the 1974 Commonwealth Games. Then, of course, there was the cancellation last year of the MCC's cricket tour of South Africa because Mr. Vorster refused to admit the colored MCC player, Basil D'Oliveira; and now there is the further controversy over the 1970 New Zealand rugby tour of South Africa, because of South Africa's ambiguous attitude towards New Zealand's Maori (nonwhite) players. The complications are endless.

The new tactic of anti-apartheid demonstrators overseas to physically disrupt matches by rushing on to the field, obstructing players, etc., has added a devastating new dimension to the campaign to isolate South Africa in international sport. No satisfactory way has been found yet of handling these demonstrations. Gary Player was subjected to them in a minor way when he played in the US golf championships – mineral water was squirted in his face and the game was obstructed – but the main victims have been the Springbok rugby players now touring Britain. Only the massive intervention of the British police has enabled the tour to limp along, but police protection is expensive, and the host clubs have to bear the cost. Even this is only a trial run for the campaign which is currently being planned to stop the 1970 Springbok cricket tour of Britain. Already a "Stop the '70 Tour Committee" has set up subcommittees in all the centers where the Springboks will be playing, and more than 100 Liberal and Labour MPs have pledged their moral and even physical support. Corresponding plans are being made to prevent Gary Player from playing in the US on his next tour – with Professor Harry Edward's Black Power movement promising to lend a helping hand. Among the organizers of the anti-apartheid demonstrations, incidentally, are a number of South African political exiles – the harvest of dragon's teeth sown by Mr. Vorster when he forced them to leave the country.

The scene is set then for the confrontation. Mr. Vorster has done what he can to avoid it, but his maneuverability is limited. His so-called "outward" policy in sport is relevant only to external relations: theoretically, it will permit the occasional racially mixed sports teams to represent South Africa abroad as a means of preserving international links, but internally, the sports apartheid rules are as inflexible as ever – no racial mixing is permitted in sport inside the country's borders under any circumstances. This is the anti-apartheid movement's central attacking point, and it is one against which Mr. Vorster's government has no effective defense – beyond the ritualistic intonation of the warning that, if a single, even minor, exception is made to the no-mixing rule, eventually the whites will be overrun by the blacks, and the West, for its interference, will lose its only really "stable, anti-communist ally" in Africa. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this "thin edge of the wedge" thinking in Afrikaner philosophy. If a single Maori visits South Africa with New Zealand's All Black rugby team in 1970, declares the new right-wing Reconstituted Nationalist Party, the writing will be on the wall for all the whites – for where will it end? Mr. Vorster has committed himself already to accepting any Maoris who might be chosen for the All Black side, but he is acutely sensitive to the deeply-ingrained conservatism of his followers, and he flinches every time Dr. Albert Hertzog, 70-year-old leader of the breakaway Reconstituted Nationalist Party and a flat-earthist if ever there was one, asks Afrikaners the poignant question, "How would you like your daughter to dance with a Maori?"

Will the exclusion of Ashe have diplomatic repercussions? It is difficult to see what the US and Britain can actually achieve. The US Ambassador to the UN, Mr. Charles Yost, has just stated that the Nixon Administration is reviewing its policies toward South Africa to see "whether there are steps that could be taken that have not been taken that would be effective, but would not carry us down a road we would not want to be carried down and might lead us into open hostilities – makes things worse rather than better." This means of course that armed conflict and sanctions are excluded as a means of putting pressure on the Vorster government to modify its apartheid policies. What is left? This is a question the Western powers have asked themselves innumerable times without finding an answer – hence the annual announcement that the US is "reviewing its policy" towards South Africa.

The trouble is deep-seated. Whereas the anti-apartheid movement in the US and Britain has a simple, direct objective – to force South Africa into total isolation on every possible front, whether political, economic, sport, etc. – the governments in these and other Western countries tend to regard isolation as self-defeating. The British quote China as the classic example. There is much to be said for this argument, but as the "isolate South Africa" campaign notches up its successes, so correspondingly the anti-isolationists are portrayed not as subtle opponents of apartheid, pursuing their own devious though legitimate course, but as protectors of the apartheid regime. It's an uncomfortable position for Western governments to find themselves in, and it is going to become more, not less, uncomfortable in 1970.

Stanley Uys

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Sharing the Wealth of Alaska
The Oil Rush

by William K. Wyant, Jr.

In winter the Yukon river that crosses the brow of Alaska is frozen deep but in the spring the ice breaks up and moves downstream with mighty force. This year Alaskans await another kind of thaw – in Washington. For Congress is attempting to settle once and for all how much of the new state's prodigious wealth its aborigines – some 60,000 Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians – are to get. Secretary Hickel's Interior Department is tip-toeing toward issuance of the permit sought by the oil industry for construction of a pipeline from the North Slope to the Gulf of Alaska. Once these two related floes yield to the warm winds of compromise, as they no doubt will, the break-up will come with a roar.

Congress has taken upon itself the responsibility for giving Alaska's impoverished Native minority a proper reckoning. The alternative was the courts, and that was considered too slow. Former Alaska Governor Hickel, backed up by President Nixon, must make the pipeline decision. The two issues are intertwined and each is tinctured by the state's oil riches. Native land claims are an old story. The 1958 statehood act gave Alaska the right to select 103,000,000 acres from federal domain. By 1966 Native claims had swelled to cover most of the state. To safeguard these claims, former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall clapped a "freeze" on further transfers of land from federal to state ownership. Incoming Secretary Hickel, under pressure from Chairman Henry M. Jackson of the Senate Interior Committee, agreed to leave the freeze in effect until the end of 1970, thus giving Congress time to work its will. Atlantic Richfield's discovery of an immense oil field at Prudhoe Bay on the North Slope, announced in mid-1968, quickly yielded plans for a billion-dollar, 800-mile pipeline to get the oil out.

In a perfect world that was not hell-bent on exhausting its resources, the Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians might have enjoyed their aboriginal rights undisturbed for a while. Now they must act to protect their interests, and they are. The Alaska Federation of Natives, formed in 1966, has enlisted powerful voices to speak in its behalf in the white man's councils. Arthur Goldberg has taken the Natives' brief. So have former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and former Senator Thomas Kuchel. If the Natives are shafted this time, it will not be because they had incompetent lawyers.

There are non-Native Alaskans who will tell you that 15 years ago the Native claims could have been bought up for $100,000. Be that as it may, the Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians can today drive a good bargain. Alaska is seen as a last chance to make amends for our shabby treatment of the Indians. The tide is running strong for conservation of aesthetic, cultural, scenic and wilderness values. Beyond that, the rights for which compensation is sought are a claim against lands of great potential value.

Look at it. The 10-year-old Kenai-Cook Inlet oil field south of Anchorage is yielding well, but is nothing compared to the jackpot hit two years ago on the North Slope, a thousand miles closer to the Pole. Subsequently the petroleum industry estimated that the Alaska and Canadian Arctic reserves might total 100 to 300 billion barrels, altering the world center of gravity for fossil fuels. The Prudhoe Bay find set the scene for the leasing extravaganza at Anchorage last September, in which the state pocketed more than $900,000,000 – three or four times what the state government had been spending annually. The state's hard minerals – copper, gold, silver, platinum, and so on – have hardly been touched. With all this ahead, and tourism too, there is a burning desire in the forty-ninth state to throw off the title-clouding Native claims and plunge ahead.

The question facing Congress and, more particularly, Senator Jackson's committee, boils down to this: In return for the total settlement of Native title, what constitutes a fair payment to the aboriginal peoples – now about one-fifth of the state's population – whose ancestors were fishing for salmon and hunting seal and walrus and caribou long before the white man came? One thorny point is whether or not the Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians will be dealt in on the mineral wealth through a form of revenue sharing. Another is the extent to which the United States as a whole should foot the bill for Native claims, now that Alaska has gone from rags to riches.

Jackson's committee has before it several proposals of varying generosity. First to emerge last year was a quittance introduced by Chairman Jackson. It proposed giving each Native village one township of land (23,040 acres) for a total of about 5,000,000 acres, plus 160

Mr. Wyant *recently returned from a tour of Alaska. He is a reporter for the* St. Louis Post Dispatch.

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acres for each non-village Native, along with the mineral rights thereto. In addition, the Natives would get a cash settlement of $100 million for lands already taken by the United States and the State of Alaska – this sum to be appropriated by Congress – as well as up to $100 million a year for ten years in revenue from mineral and land resources. A keystone of this revenue-sharing proposal is the opening up to leasing of the Navy's Petroleum Reserve No. 4 – a 23,000,000-acre tract just west of the Richfield strike on the North Slope. This is where most of the money for the Natives would come from. Tossing this federal blue chip on the pile would give industry access to the Navy's oil, and pay off the Natives with minimum burden to the state.

Secretary Hickel has a different plan, doubling the amount of land for villages but withholding the oil and gas rights. Non-village Natives would get 160 acres each only if they were occupying the land at the time of the legislation's enactment. Inasmuch as the Budget Bureau opposes revenue-sharing, Hickel urges a cash settlement of a half billion dollars – $25,000,000 a year for 20 years to be appropriated by Congress. When discounted, this would amount to $322,000,000 rather than half a billion, or something more than $5000 per person. As in other proposals, the money would not be paid to Natives directly but to development corporations in which they would hold stock. Hickel has testified that he personally felt the Natives ought to get the oil and everything else that goes with their land.

The Alaskan Federation of Natives would give each Native village not one, not two, but four townships. Villages with more than 184 people also would get another 500 acres per person, for a total of 40 million of the state's 365 million acres. Non-village Natives would get 160 acres apiece. Both hard mineral and oil rights to village lands would flow to regional corporations operated by Natives. There would be a cash settlement of a half billion dollars from Congress – $100 million the first year and $50 million a year for the next eight. Very importantly, the Natives would get a two percent overriding royalty on all revenue from all state and federal lands outside Native hands.

The size of the AFN package and the glittering legal talent assembled to sell it to Congress has shaken some non-Native Alaskans. One Alaska entrepreneur, a rich man skilled in oil leasing, told a reporter that giving the Natives what they want would "kill Alaska – tie it up forever." Non-Native Alaskans (in this sense, a Caucasian or Negro or Oriental born in Alaska is not a Native) look on Native claims as a national obligation. But inasmuch as the statehood act gave Alaska a whopping 90 percent of the revenue from federal lands, compared to 37½ for states previously admitted, it is obvious that an overriding royalty for the Natives would cut into state revenues. The statehood law was passed at a time when the annual take from public lands in Alaska was only about $1 million. Now the land produces tens of millions and when the oil starts flowing through the pipeline from Prudhoe Bay, Alaska stands to receive $250,000 to $1 million a day from that alone.

Republican Governor Keith Miller, a pipeline booster and onetime holly and mistletoe dealer who moved automatically into the executive seat at Juneau when Hickel departed, told the Jackson committee last April that the state endorsed the percentage-sharing principle for the Natives. Returning to Washington in the summer, he switched horses. He said the AFN's two percent proposal conflicted with Alaska's statehood act and the power of the state legislature, that it was unconstitutional. In other respects Miller followed Hickel's Interior Department closely, except that he urged Congress to pay the half billion cash settlement over nine rather than 20 years, as does the AFN. Like Interior, Miller would deny the Natives oil and gas rights on their land.

"It would be unthinkable to me," testified AFN President Emil Notti in August, "that we would pull out from under the people who have always lived there, their best chance to share in the development and wealth of the land that they, and they alone, really, particularly on the North Slope, have lived on and used." Give the Natives 40,000,000 acres, Notti said, and there is still left an acreage three and a half times the size of California.

Not a pint of oil from Prudhoe Bay has yet reached regular commercial channels. The industry combine known as Trans Alaska Pipeline System (TAPS) applied to the Interior Department last June for a right-of-way from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez for construction of a 48-inch steel pipeline across federal, state and Native-claimed lands. TAPS hoped to get a permit in two weeks. It hasn't yet. While Hickel was taking his time, TAPS bought the pipe from Japan and is now stockpiling it along the planned route and going ahead with preliminary work. The schedule called for starting construction this spring and finishing the project in 1972. In mid-January Secretary Hickel assured TAPS officials that "the pipeline will indeed be built."

Hickel's close and profitable contact with the oil industry dictated that he look at the pipeline proposal closely, if only to avoid a charge that he is oil's lackey in the Cabinet. He made part of his $5 million fortune as board chairman of Anchorage Natural Gas Co. and director of Alaska Pipeline Co. These enterprises, backed by Big Oil with local men dealt in, were formed to transport gas from the Kenai fields and distribute it in Anchorage and environs. Alaska Interstate Co. of Houston bought the merged companies in 1967, leaving Hickel with a two percent stock interest which he sold last July, at the Jackson committee's direction, for a tidy profit. Less than a month before Hickel disposed of his interest, Alaska Interstate announced its purchase of Burgess Construction Co. of Fairbanks, owned

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by Lloyd Burgess, Hickel's successor as Republican National Committeeman for Alaska. Burgess quit the post last summer. Some six weeks after Hickel sold his stock, it was made known that Burgess Construction had been selected to build a 53-mile haul road for the pipeline between Livengood, a jumping off place in the tundra wilds north of Fairbanks, and the Yukon river. This was a cost-plus contract with the oil industry combine, no great shakes in itself but considered a plum because it put the Burgess outfit in good position for bidding on further pipeline work.

Meanwhile, the Hickel Investment Co., owned by Hickel and his wife and operated by his brother Vernon in the Secretary's absence, is thriving. Hickel Investment is putting up a building in Anchorage to be leased by another company to Atlantic Richfield, which along with Humble Oil (Standard of New Jersey) and British Petroleum organized the pipeline as a joint venture. From the outset, Secretary Hickel put the pipeline problem in the hands of his conservation-minded aide, Under Secretary Russell E. Train. President Nixon broadened the Federal Alaska Task Force headed by Train to include other federal agencies. Over many months the Interior Department worked with state officials and the task force to form a set of "stipulations" to guard the public interest in building the pipeline. Late last year the two Interior Committees of Congress notified Hickel they had no objection to modifying the land freeze order for purposes of granting the pipeline permit, but made it clear it was his baby. On January 7 the Secretary signed a modification order, but put off granting the permit.

The fact is, the Alaskan terrain with its underlying permafrost is an engineer's nightmare. Nobody has ever built a pipeline that far north. Not all the problems associated with placing a heavy steel conduit full of hot oil across such country have been identified or solved to the satisfaction of Interior Department experts. Doubtless the project can be built, and eventually will be, but it's an apple that seems to get sourer the deeper one bites into it. Last month the United States Geological Survey issued a circular warning that under certain conditions a buried pipe would thaw its surroundings to an icy soup and be subject to forces that could shear it. The department is awaiting further information from TAPS on core-drilling studies through the Copper River Basin, a difficult stretch between Fairbanks and the port of Valdez.

Now Under Secretary Train, a conscientious man in whom conservationists have faith, has been named by President Nixon to be the first chairman of the new Council on Environmental Quality. He will presumably have the ear of the President, and the assumption is he will raise warning signals about the pipeline in the White House, if need be. Neither Hickel nor any other politician, including the one at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, wants to be associated with a financial and ecological disaster in Alaska. Neither do the oil companies, for that matter. Both the Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society are urging a moratorium on the pipeline.

Still, the Secretary is a go-ahead type. The 40-foot lengths of pipe are piling up at Valdez and the road from Livengood to the Yukon is being pushed through. The oil industry has a huge investment on the North Slope, and the State of Alaska wants jobs and money. So do the Natives. Spring is nearly here.

. . . and you can't fix it

Nothing Works Anymore

by David Sanford

The technology responsible for our great American conveniences has the associated disadvantage of providing with each mechanical moving part, something to stop working. There are more machines to break down than ever (55 million vacuum cleaners alone) and the social mechanisms for producing, selling and servicing the technology don't work well either. The machinery has got more complicated, eliminating in the process the handyman, the fixit shop and do-it-yourself. (You can't tinker with a printed circuit.) The pressures of competition and a market economy in a free enterprise system (which is to say, avarice), result in a general cheapening of materials. (The foil wears off the chrome trim, revealing the plastic.) Products are meant to wear out so they will have to be replaced. Parts are priced so as to make it more economic

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to replace than to repair. The inducements and status of service jobs have declined so far that there is little pride, less competence, and no money in the work. (The country is short 70,000 auto mechanics.)

Several congressmen, a lady at the White House, government regulators and a growing number of reporters are making careers out of exploring the distress people feel when the machines in their lives break down. The impression that everything is going to hell may be in part a creature of the coverage. The conviction that things *were* better, and lasted longer, years ago may be written off as nostalgia. Consumer-oriented politicians may be suspected of *creating* issues for votes. But when one January morning you try to call the New York City Housing Administration to complain you're cold, your furnace has collapsed, and you can't get through because your phone isn't working either, then you know it's not make-believe. Nothing *does* work. For instance, it is a simple fact that if machines could be trusted and, failing that, if repairmen were reliable, it would not be necessary for Allen Funt, despite all his money made from producing Candid Camera, to have in his kitchen two ovens, two stoves, two refrigerators and two freezers. "I've always lived in homes where things break down," Funt told a newspaper interviewer recently. "When you have two of everything, one is bound to work."

Malfunction knows no bounds. The first commercial flight of the hyperthyroid Boeing 747 jet was seven hours late because an engine overheated, a door jammed, and passengers had to be transferred to a standby plane. The engines, operating at low thrust so as to avoid exhaust damage to the airport, were incapacitated by wind. It was the third major flaw discovered in the Pratt and Whitney engines. (They should have known there'd be trouble when Mrs. Nixon christened the plane with a machine spraying red white and blue water that wouldn't turn off on cue.)

The Metroliner, Penn Central's experimental fast train between Washington and New York recently celebrated its first year "in service." The week of the anniversary half the regular six daily runs had to be cancelled because parts froze. Even when conditions are optimal, only six of the originally anticipated nine trains are in service because equipment is not performing properly. Men at the Budd company would like to redesign the trains, and in less of a hurry, so the bugs could be dug out. Passengers have noticed that mechanisms on some reclining seats are already broken. Random over-head lights are out. Doors between cars built to be opened automatically at the touch of a hand must be pried open.

Fifteen percent of New York's subway trains regularly run late, thus delaying 600,000 passengers daily. The chairman of the Transit Authority admits service has deteriorated, but says despite a fare increase there won't be money to service the trains properly until 1971, at least. Passengers complain they must stand in idle trains for up to an hour while the trains stall, doors refuse to close, power fails or switches stick.

An inch of snow and a sluggish city snow removal service recently made Washington, D. C. into a reenactment of that old Michael Rennie movie, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. The streets became a parking lot. Senator Proxmire, who often jogs to work in 45 minutes, was trapped in a car for twice the time. A typical 15 minute drive home took two to three hours. The same day, and on cold January mornings, the D. C. Transit system of buses was forced to cancel part of its rush hour service because of frozen air lines that kept brakes and doors from working. Antifreeze chemicals in Washington are discovered only after they are needed; preventive medicine is unheard of.

With buses, trains and planes operating on hit-or-miss schedules, and in good weather, one can sometimes drive—if the automobile permits. Senator Hart concluded from his hearings on automobile repairs that a third of all of them are unsatisfactory, that nine out of ten cars more than five years old have things wrong with them that pertain to safety. And this, despite the fact that Americans spent $8.8 billion on repairs last year ($138 for each of the 64 million cars). Hart has received 6000 letters from persons with car-repair horror stories. He figures that for each letter there are probably a thousand unreported incidents.

What is true of transportation is true of communication. One no longer can be sure that a busy signal means the phone is in use. The circuits may be overloaded, or the press on the Bell system's deficient personnel and equipment is too great. In New York, where the problems appear most severe the Public Service Commission received in the first half of 1969, more than 4300 complaints about phone service. Last October, the city's parks administration complained it had not been able to make outgoing calls since July. Turnover among New York telephone operators is about 60 percent. The result is lower hiring standards and thicker witted operators, who, if you get them, don't understand what you've said, or dial a wrong number.

If you can't phone, try writing a letter. *Life* magazine sent 3500 letters to and from 22 cities last year to test the Post Office. It found that a letter from Seattle, with airmail stamp, zip code and the rest, took nine days to reach Washington, D. C. Every congressman knows the litany of postal problems: swelling volume, antiquated equipment, low pay, mismanagement, congressional refusal to pass effective reform.

What Ronald Reagan said about Redwoods and Spiro Agnew said about slums is certainly true of the letters Mrs. Virginia Knauer gets as Mr. Nixon's special assistant for consumer affairs: the laments are endless—a sudden, unannounced reduction in voltage, so appliances are damaged; potholes in (recently paved)

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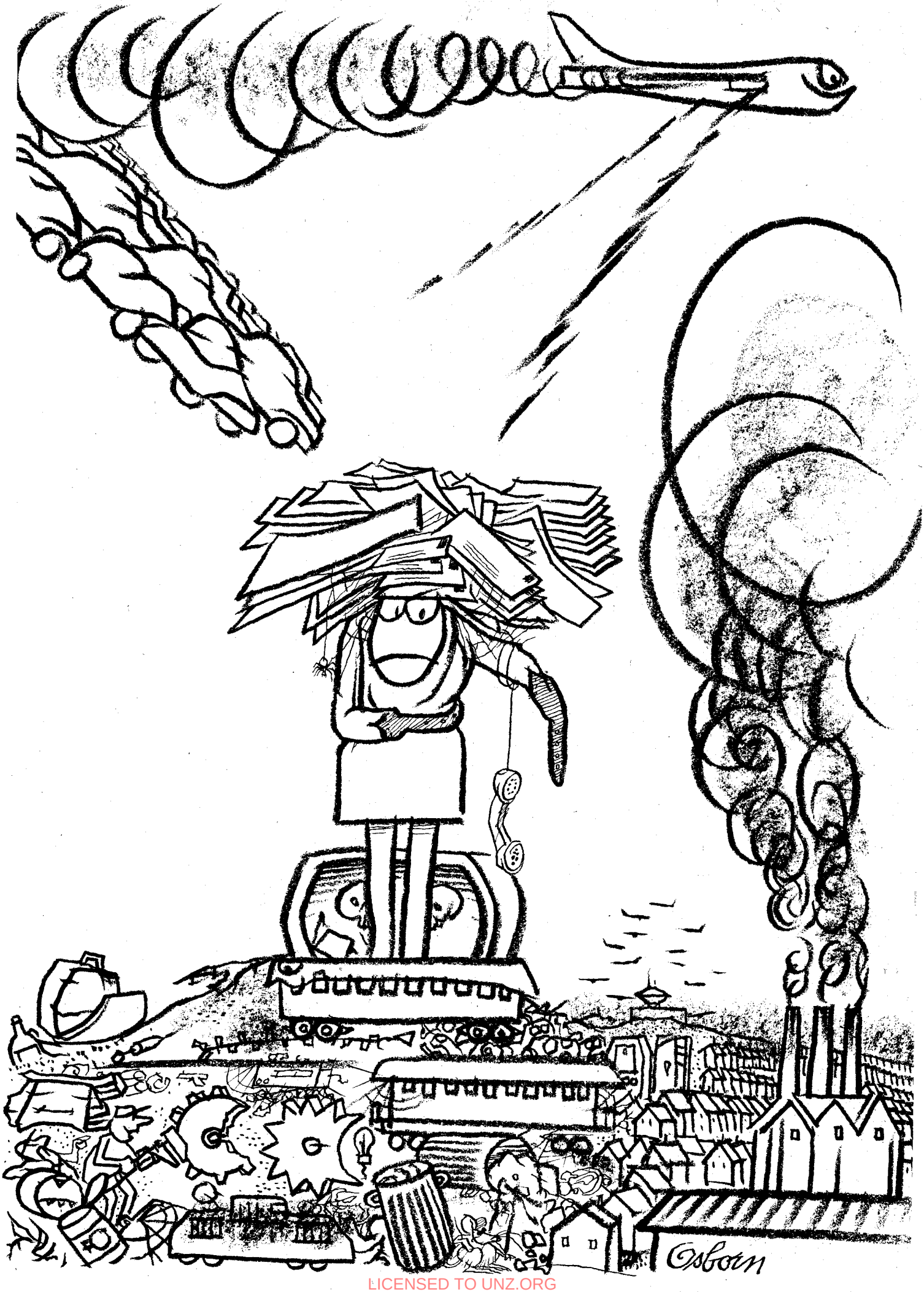

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streets; overflowing sewers; new tires that blow out; paint that peels; plaster that cracks. Two thousand letters each month complain about products and services, and when you've read one you've read them all. They adhere to an instinctive and universal form that goes approximately as follows: "On a specific date I bought a particular product at a certain store. It either didn't work from the start or soon broke down, and when I took it back or called in the store's servicemen they either couldn't or wouldn't fix it, or after they had fixed it it still didn't work. The warranty was not honored (had just expired) (did not cover the necessary repair). The store would not stand back of its merchandise and letters to the manufacturer accomplished nothing."

I thought it would be interesting to spend a few hours in Mrs. Knauer's office, the pinched nerve center of all our complaints. After that it was easy to understand why someone in the business of receiving desperate, intemperate, bitchy and humorless communications (delayed) might become cynical or at least impervious. Here's a man who has written five letters and threatens to go to court over a $3.72 misunderstanding; an apparently well-to-do businessman bought Ford's "most expensive and most elegant" auto, the Thunderbird, only to find that lemons make no class distinctions; a woman finds that the Good Housekeeping guarantee is only as good as her own ability to provide conclusive evidence that the salesman misled her about the properties of her vacuum cleaner.

As predictable as most letters are in their anger some still have the power to move. From Florida: "My husband and I are retired. He is 76 years old and has had a stroke. I am 70. I thought we could enjoy a color set since he stays in quite a lot. I paid near $700.00 for the television and antenna. They have worked on the set about nine times and it still don't give good service. They are supposed to have a district area man to come around once in a while to check on televisions but so far they haven't brought him by to check on ours. I have asked them when he would be in this area but the answer is they don't know. There was a three months' warranty on the set and they were called four times in the three months. Each time I told them I wanted it fixed or a new set. Each time they said they had fixed it and they were sure it would be ok. They have made nine service calls already. I went to see them again this month and they said they were waiting for the area man to come around. I just don't believe they intend doing anything about it. I don't feel like I can afford to hire a lawyer and take it to court. I certainly would appreciate any help you can give us. For we need it."

Mrs. Knauer, whose limits perfectly symbolize the government's commitment, replied she truly sympathized and was sorry she didn't have the power to help.

Until six weeks ago Mrs. Knauer's office did not have the authority from the President to do anything but reply in a friendly way to consumer complaints. "The letters we sent were horrendous" says one of Mrs. Knauer's ghosts. "It was a policy of the runaround," according to another. Paragraph one of a typical Knauer letter summarizes the consumer's complaint. ("Thank you for your recent letter concerning your controversy with the dealer over the insurance received when your television receiver was struck by lightning and subsequent difficulties you are experiencing in obtaining service to the replacement set.") Paragraph two sympathizes and explains the role of the President's consumer advisor. ("As sympathetic as I am with your problems, I must honestly report that the powers of my office do not include intervention in a controversy between buyer and seller for purposes of adjustment.") Finally, the letter offers an appropriate homily or suggestion for redress, usually in the form of a referral to another agency. The referral may be to the Federal Trade Commission, a state attorney general or consumer office, or to an industry group like the National Association of Automobile Dealers. The strongest encouragement comes when the consumer seems to be handling his problem himself and doesn't need Mrs. Knauer: "I heartily endorse your action in letting the manufacturer know of your dissatisfaction . . ." or "There is no better substitute to securing adjustment to consumer service problems than the direct action by the consumer himself."

Letters responding to complaints forwarded to the White House by members of Congress are longer, more thorough. Letters from lunatics, nasty letters, flippant letters don't get answered at all. Thus a letter that began, "I am nominating the Gibson Refrigerator Company for the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate award," had a notation at the top "Letter abusive to manufacturer, no letter sent."

In December Mrs. Knauer's office, which answers to Peter Flannigan in the White House, was told it could begin interceding in small ways with manufacturers. She is now able to forward letters of complaint to the companies cited. In about two cases a day, someone in Mrs. Knauer's office telephones a company to see if something can be done to get one unhappy person what he wants from an impersonal corporation. Mrs. Knauer's success file includes about one hundred cases in which a phone call or a letter from her office accomplished something for somebody. In a country of 20,721,390 electric canopeners, that's not much.

Joseph Dawson, the public affairs director of the President's Committee on Consumer Interest, refuses to be disheartened. Within 30 years, he believes, the "various forces" which are trying to help the people who buy things in this country will have prevailed and those of us still alive will be living in a "quality society." Color television sets presumably will not catch fire. "The problem then will be understanding why we still aren't happy."

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Last of the Red Hot Lovers

(Eugene O'Neill)

Neil Simon's new comedy, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, is a smash hit. It has one setting and a cast of only four. Simon is reportedly the chief financial backer of the production and is also the owner of the theater in which it is playing. Perfection is rare on earth; the perfection with which all the elements in this phenomenon complement one another, from the play's original concept to the real-estate data, is awe-inspiring.

My point is not sarcasm alone. Simon exemplifies Broadway at its current top level of operation. If there is going to be a commercial theater – and there certainly *is* going to be one of some kind – it might as well be adroitly practised. If the machine is going to be around, it might as well run smoothly instead of creaking and wheezing as it does most of the time. Simon is, on evidence, the optimum operator.

As a writer, he is in some ways the theater equivalent of a current cinema trend that I've called the film of make-believe meaning: the sort of film written by William Goldman or the team of Benton and Newman, or that is directed by Sidney Lumet or Robert Mulligan – seemingly sharp and fearless but essentially tame and pat. For instance, there is a scene in *Lovers* in which the hero, a fat fortyish husband, makes a confession during his first extra-marital rendezvous. He tells the woman that his life has been "nice" but that now he feels the reality of the fact that he will some day die, that he wants more out of living, that the only sex experience he has had outside marriage was one youthful encounter with a middle-aged Newark whore after which he threw up all night. This account, with which the hero attempts to wring us, is to me morally and egotistically repellent, but a popular playwright of ten or fifteen years ago – say, Paddy Chayefsky – would have left it there. Simon is too clever. The woman, a cynically philandering wife, replies that she is not much impressed with this recital because first, that Newark whore might well have been her mother and, second, the fear of death is not all that exceptional or winning. In the play's give-and-take – not between the characters but between Simon and us – he has scored a point. It takes a while longer to see that the whole operation, within which the point-scoring is enclosed, is basically sentimental and consumer-flattering, that only the incidentals have been sharpened. Below the polished sophisticated surface, there is just as little as we have been conditioned to expect in Broadway comedy smashes.

But since this kind of material is exactly what the Broadway mechanism needs at the moment and since there are, evidently, very few writers who can supply it, some limited gratitude is in order. *Lovers* is a hundred times more welcome than *Coco*, which was supposed to be an oxygen pump for ailing Broadway but which is itself gasping in every department and also presents Katharine Hepburn in her first vulgar performance. (Her limitations are not news; her vulgarity is.)

As usual with Simon, his three-act play consists of a one-act play with addenda. The three acts are three assignations that the hero has, each with a different woman. The first act contrasts, to some point, a realistic woman who centers on a bitter hedonism as her sole reason for living and a romantic man who disguises his menopausal sex panic as a quest for poetry. She isn't having any of his self-deception, and she leaves – twice, in fact. In boxing terms, this first act is very clearly the woman's round. It is also a complete drama; when the first-act curtain comes down, everything that was started in that act has been finished. But Simon can't leave the play there: it is both too short and too unsoothing to be commercially viable. As variations on the first act, he supplies two more meetings – one with a kooky actress-singer, another with an unhappy wife in the hero's circle of friends. No sexual intercourse in any of these meetings, of course; the most daring innovation is that in Act Two the hero smokes pot with the actress – the familiar Act Two drunk scene except that this time it ends with the hero holding two joints instead of two glasses. The play finally works around to the assurance that the hero is basically a decent man – what's more, that what he has really been looking for is not an extra-marital lay but this very assurance that he is decent. After all the modern decor, the curtain comes down to the chime of old-fashioned cash-registers.

The tone of the play is New York Jewish. The hero and two of the women play with Jewish inflections, although only the hero is (more or less) said to be Jewish. This assumption of Jewishness as fundamental to comedy is common on Broadway – implicit even when non-Jewish names and types are used, as in Simon's *The Odd Couple*. Since the Broadway audience is assumed to be at least half Jewish, this flavor is not surprising.

The diction of *Lovers* is fake realism. The characters are supposed to be a restaurant owner, two different kinds of housewives, and a silly girl; they speak in well-modeled aphorisms and punchy one-line gags, as if every restaurant owner and housewife in New York had a personal gagwriter – Jewish. But this, too, satisfies a hunger in the audience; they have been listening for two generations to Benny and Berle, and they wish their own conversation, in their own apartments, could be carried on in snappy comebacks.

James Coco, the hero, is a big fat man who made a great success last season in a one-act play off Broadway that I didn't see. I can understand the success; he has sufficient technique and variety and truth to get him through a one-act play. In *Lovers* he has some trouble. He repeats tricks (a grimace when he drinks whiskey, a nervous shake before he opens the front door), but that's possibly the director's doing. More serious, he repeats patterns and phrases of emotion and gesture in such a way that eventually we are conscious of them as techniques. He has a small resemblance to Zero Mostel. (Emphasized by a gag repeated from *Fiddler on the Roof* – Coco states some puzzling questions to which, instead of an answer, he gives a shrug and says "I don't know.") He is much less erratic and self-centered than Mostel, but neither does he have Mostel's brilliance.

Linda Lavin gives a generally good performance as the toughie. She is a superb entertainer (*The Mad Show*, *Superman*) but has had difficulty with "straight" acting in the three plays I've

(Continued on page 39)

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James Finn: The Living Dead End

Travels With My Aunt by Graham Greene

(Viking Press; $5.95)

"I met my Aunt Augusta for the first time in more than half a century at my mother's funeral. My mother was approaching eighty-six when she died, and my aunt was some eleven or twelve years younger. I had retired from the bank two years before with an adequate pension and a silver handshake. There had been a take-over by the Westminster and my branch was considered redundant. Everyone thought me lucky, but I found it difficult to occupy my time. I have never married, I have always lived quietly, and, apart from my interest in dahlias, I have no hobby. For those reasons I found myself agreeably excited by my mother's funeral."

Thus the opening paragraph of *Travels with My Aunt*. And who would deny the evident expertise; the absolute control of tone and rhythm; the light, sure touch of the "silver handshake"; the swift imparting of information; and, of course, the slight shock of the last sentence which modifies the stereotype we have been building up and which draws us on to what follows? From this first paragraph to the last Greene reveals the mastery of a craft that he has perfected over the years. And the years are not few. It is now forty years since he published his first novel and thirty since *Brighton Rock*, his first sure achievement. In the intervening years he has written novels of varying merit, short stories, travel pieces, reviews, plays, letters to editors and political commentary. No one writing in English today approaches the position Greene has attained.

But what ambiguities lurk in that last sentence! Despite the variety of forms in which Greene has deployed his talents and his interests, the core of his work remains the series of novels to which *Travels with My Aunt* is the latest addition. And during the decades he has been writing we have had increasingly serious examens of the novel and the raising of standards that would question the possibilities and the value of that genre. It was only ten years ago in her essay on "The Fact in Fiction" that Mary McCarthy stated that "the writing of a novel has become problematic today" and that "the novel seems to be dissolving into its component parts: the essay, the travel book, reporting, on the one hand, and the 'pure' fiction of the tale on the other. The center will not hold."

Even she held forth some faint hope that someone, somewhere could once again structure a novel that would hold in coherence those aspects of the "actual" world that it attempted to encompass. Today, however, Richard Gilman questions those aspects of the novel that Miss McCarthy considered essential to it – narrative, character, the "sense of actuality," and the essays he has joined in *The Confusion of Realms* argue that case vigorously.

There are other signs of dissatisfaction. For example, in the December *Commentary* John Thompson wrote a probing article entitled "The End of Culture" in which he quoted sympathetically the French novelist J. M. G. Le Clezio: "Poetry, novels and short stories are singular antiques by which hardly anyone is deceived any longer. What's the use of turning out poems or stories? All that remains now is writing, writing by itself. . . ."

These critics are concerned with real, not imagined aspects of contemporary life. And for those who expect novels to do more than help pass the time agreeably, they must raise some questions about the nature of Greene's achievement. But then, it must be said that his achievement raises some questions about the strength of their arguments. For he has drawn upon, has assimilated and shaped into intelligible form, an enormous amount of the raw material of modern life. Not only the scabs and dandruff of daily existence but those great events which splash across our newspapers and which are signs of our vast social dislocation, those events which cause many to question the place and value of culture in our time.

To note that his novels are set in East and West Europe, the Congo, Cuba, Vietnam, Mexico, Haiti, South America, the Middle East, is to note more than geographical variety, impressive as that is. For while one could suggest themes and moral concerns that are recurrent in his novels, the ways in which these moral concerns engage the political and social

Before Dawn

That practising bird is sharpening his call
on my sleep. I shall wring him feather from feather
and string up his pimpled skin, and grind his beak
for sweep dust. I shall debird him. Hold.
On what do I sharpen my cry?

Love Is

a flock of birds, soaring, twisting, turning,
floating, lifting, swooping, landing, splitting into
pieces (individual birds) that can peck peck peck
before they once again unite in the flock that, rising,
goes reeling, shifting, flying (flying, that's the word
I was looking for) right out of sight.

ANN DARR

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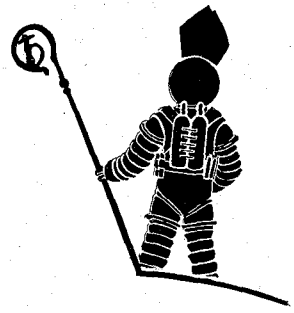
are not independent of the "setting." The concerns of the whisky priest, for example, are rooted in and revealed by the realities of Mexican life, and those of Fowler and Pyle by the life of Indo-China. Greene's novels also do what Miss McCarthy thought essential. They tell a story. No contemporary writer more nearly satisfies our vulgar interest in narrative.

Travels with My Aunt will cause no one to change his overall estimate of Greene. It bears the undeniable stamp of his craft, his style, his obsessions. But it is an example of the later Greene and noticeably different, therefore, from the novels of his early and middle years. There is occasionally a metaphor that harkens back ("she stayed on in my memory like a small persistent pain which worries even in its insignificance; doesn't a sickness as serious as cancer start in such a way?"); the reflective aphorism ("Perhaps it is freedom of speech and conduct, which is really envied by the unsuccessful, not money or even power."); the jibe at old targets ("Somebody began to play a humanist hymn by Edward Carpenter, 'Cosmos, O Cosmos, Cosmos shall we call Thee?' But there was no coffin."); the swipe at Americans (". . . Americans whom I had met in England, noisy and self-confident, with the unlined faces of children romping and shouting to one another across the nursery floor."); and the almost concealed *double entendre*.

But what is most noticeable are not the similarities but the changes in style and feeling. The language is pared down, unadorned; the quick nervous pace has given way to a sure continuous flow; and the feeling is closer to the more compassionate view that was emerging in *The Comedians* and to the amused urbanities of *May We Borrow Your Husband?* than to the angular and harsh view of the earlier novels. It would be instructive to compare Ida Arnold of *Brighton Rock* with Aunt Augusta of this novel and the implied judgment of the author on each. The reader is invited to condescend to Ida Arnold, characterized by her warm, blowzy approach to sex and life and her desire to tell right from wrong (rather than the superior ability to distinguish good from evil which Pinky possesses). Similarly, Aunt Augusta not only had but at the age of seventy-five con-



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tinues to have, as her nephew gradually discovers, a lively and varied sex life. But when Henry Pulling questions one of his aunt's judgments she turns on him with fury:

"I despise no one," she said, "no one. Regret your own actions, if you like that kind of wallowing in self-pity, but never, never despise. Never presume yours is a better morality. What do you *suppose* I was doing in that house behind the *Messaggro*? I was cheating, wasn't I? So why shouldn't Mr. Visconti cheat me?"

This more agreeable, relaxed view of life is combined with an old audacity to produce scenes of outrageous comedy. Much of the comedy is at the expense of Henry, for the novel is one of discovery, his gradual and painful discovery that though he had been happy for most of his life he had been oh, so terribly bored. But his discovery is not without cost. In *Travels with My Aunt* life is viewed with amusement and deep melancholy, the two inextricably mixed. It is not an easy view to accept and is in some ways more troubling than anything in Greene's other novels. Never has the familiar quotation from Browning's "Pippa Passes" with which the book ends been used with more effective irony.

In his best novels and notably in this one, Greene has taken a genre that some judge to have reached the dead end of perfection, at least in English, with Joyce and James, has employed the traditional means of narrative, character and reliance upon the actual world and has presented life reflected through a modern sensibility. Not a pure art form, not an aspiration toward the condition of music, *Travels with My Aunt* is solid, mature, amusing and disturbing. As one who continues to hold in affection the loose, baggy impure thing we call a novel, I hope Greene continues to add to his past achievements and to develop and extend the view that in his work emerges clearly for the first time with this novel.

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Very Lovely People
by Ludovic Kennedy

(Simon and Schuster; $7.95)

The American tourist has become one of the stock stage-characters of our time. Clumsy, obtuse, well-meaning – we all reckon we can spot him a mile off whether he is wandering around the Louvre or surveying the faded glories of Samarkand. He is the man on the coach-tour who looks at a glorious Mediterranean sunset and wonders aloud whether there'll be tomato soup for dinner tonight: even the mysteries of the Orient leave him untouched – he is quite equal (like a former US President) to deciding to test the acoustics of the Taj Mahal with a raucous Texan rebel yell.

Yet the American tourist is merely a bird of passage. A far more interesting and important variety of the species is the American ex-patriate – the pioneering US citizen who, like the old British tea-planter or the former colonial district magistrate, has chosen to make his life and career far from his native land. By contrast with the tourist he has attracted remarkably little attention. At home no latter-day G. A. Henty extols his exploits, while abroad his own identity tends to be submerged beneath the corporate image of the product he sells. In the British East India Company, in the service of Cecil Rhodes, even in Lord Milner's kindergarten there was always an aura of romance: somehow it is hard to associate romance with the overseas division of Coca-Cola or with USIA.

The romance is there, though, as well as power; and Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, presenting one of the first comprehensive surveys of the role of the US citizen working abroad, shows both well. He is surely right to insist that in the oil company compounds of Saudi Arabia, in the earnest seminars run by the US Educational Foundation in India, even in the far-flung radio outposts of the Voice of America are to be found the lineal descendants of Clive, Warren Hastings and "Rajah" Brooke. However neglected its impact, it is the extent of American influence that is so overwhelming. Mr. Kennedy – himself an experienced television globetrotter – puts the matter well. "Today, as any seasoned traveller knows, there is no corner of a foreign field that is not in part American: no mountain however high, jungle however deep, desert however wide that there is not a GI, or Peace Corps volunteer or missionary somewhere nearby. These are the new gentleman-adventurers of the day – imperialists without an empire, colonists without a colony, the self-appointed, sometimes reluctant, often abused ser-

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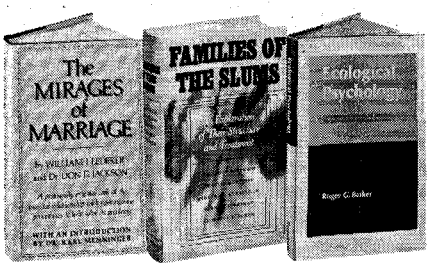

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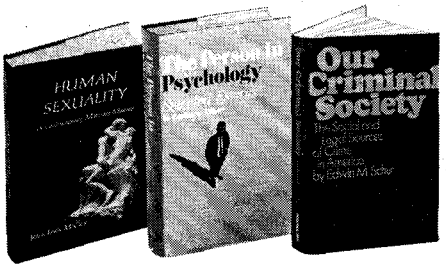

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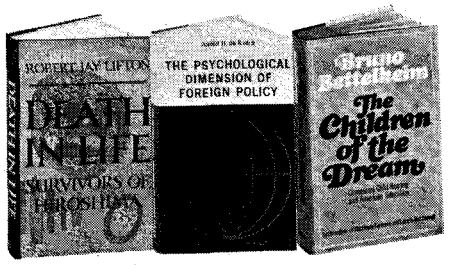

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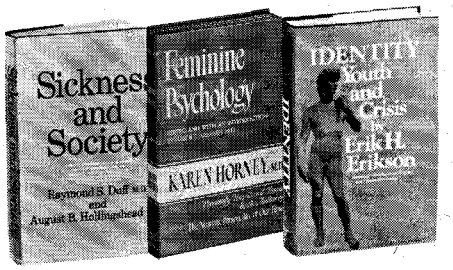

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vants and masters of half the world."

Mr. Kennedy's own book is in essence an attempt to discover just how this new race of post-colonial colonizers is meeting the challenge that confronts it. His approach is that of a sincere, genuine and sympathetic inquirer – and, if only for that reason, the title he has chosen for his study is probably a mistake. The phrase *Very Lovely People* is apparently taken from a welcoming speech of Lyndon Johnson's delivered to a group of White House visitors in 1965; my outsider's guess is that it will embarrass far more Americans than it will gratify. Indeed at one stage in his researches Mr. Kennedy found himself being tartly told as much by Mrs. Lincoln Gordon, then the US Ambassador's wife in Brazil. The particular snatch of dialogue between them on the subject is, I fancy, worth recording:

"We went back to the drawing room and I said goodbye. Mrs. Gordon said 'I wish you success with your book. By the way, what are you going to call it?'

" 'Very Lovely People,' I said.

"There was a tiny pause, and Mrs. Gordon said 'I imagine the interpretation of that would be in the pejorative sense?'

" 'There isn't meant to be a particular interpretation,' I said. 'The interpretation can be what anyone cares to make of it. It's just a phrase that Americans use and Britishers don't use.'

" 'Of course you realize,' said Mrs. Gordon, 'that it's a phrase that many Americans don't use either. It's only *certain* Americans that use it. Lincoln and I would never *dream* of using it.' "

Game, set and match, I would have thought, to Mrs. Gordon, Radcliffe, Harvard and New England. But Mr. Kennedy was clearly in love with his LBJ discovery and was not to be deterred. Its title, however, is about the book's only concession to vulgarity. For the rest, it is a painstaking and often vivid chronicle of one reporter's impressions of ex-patriate American life and behavior virtually across the globe.

One of the book's great strengths is that Mr. Kennedy never generalizes. With him it is the individual case-history that counts – whether of the zealous American missionary and his wife waiting for the Lord to provide among the Indians of Paraguay, or of the good-hearted American Negress successfully running a jazz cafe up in Paris's Montmartre. He has, inevitably, his likes and dislikes: he enjoyed and fell in love with the administrative incompetence of the Fourth Armored Division in Germany, but somehow was nettled by the priggish efficiency of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. He can also sometimes be a bore. The American Forces Network may be one of the most gruesome broadcasting systems yet devised by man – but Mr. Kennedy's indictment of it is not made any more convincing by being endlessly repeated all the way from Athens to Tokyo.

At heart Mr. Kennedy is, of course, a romantic – as he amply indicates by his insistence on reproducing a full account of his one and only meeting with President Kennedy (a stilted television interview) and then going on to say (for all the world as if he had been an old friend): "I may be forgiven for having found Washington so empty without him." But the embarrassing Kennedy episode apart, on the whole he does his set-pieces well enough. He is plainly, however, most at home when his own curiosity and admiration are aroused. He has an especially good ear for dialogue: some of the best passages in his book are those in which his characters are allowed to speak quite simply for themselves.

Unlike the old British upholders of dominion over palm and pine – who had a *lingua franca* all their own – the new American merchant adventurers of today speak, it emerges, with many tongues. There are the touchingly idealistic intonations of the young men and women in the Peace Corps, the tired, weary inflections of the military on garrison duty, the heavy, earnest diction of wandering scholars as they take the culture of the Middle West to the normally polite but not always receptive Far East. It is difficult to think of any one quality that unites them – unless perhaps it is a total absence of the arrogant, aloof attitude that the British empire-builder carried with him wherever he went.

Not that today's American ex-patriates are without their own form of buoyancy: even local unpopularity they appear able to accept with relatively cheerful equanimity. If anything, they are perhaps almost too philosophic about it. "Well," said one Californian businessman in Nigeria, "when you're king of the castle you must just expect one hell of a lot of shit to be thrown at you." Only once did Mr. Kennedy succeed in finding a voice of doubt and disillusionment. It came from a young

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sailor on a day's shore leave from his ship in the Sixth Fleet. What, he was asked, had he made of his day in Istanbul? His reply was eloquent, expressive – and somehow deeply sad. "It's the same," he said, "every place we go. They're all out to take advantage of us. They think because we are Americans we've got lots of dough. After a while it kinda gets you down."

It is perhaps as well for the rest of us that most Americans are not as sensitive as that. Lacking any imperial myth but with a clear sense of commercial destiny they labor away in all parts of the globe happily creating the world in their own image. Their monument looks as if it will be built not in durbars, palaces or colonnades but rather in ice-creams, soft-drinks and hamburgers. It may not be the grandest form of empire – but it is just possible that it could turn out to be the most enduring type of bondage history has yet seen.

Joseph N. Froomkin: Shades of Grey

The Billion Dollar Windfall by Morton Schulman

(Wm. Morrow; $5.75)

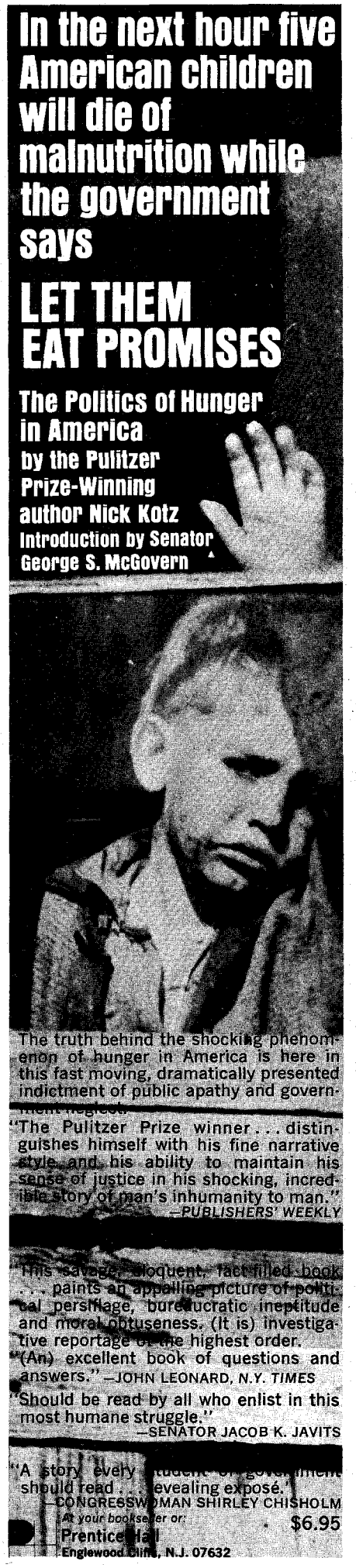
The author claims that this book is about greed, lust, selfishness, unfaithfulness and dishonesty. It is nothing of the sort. But it does show up the seamy side of corporate mores, and also describes how financial swingers successfully fleece speculators in Canadian mining stocks. The book has a fascinating McLuhanite setting, the world of corporations, where the medium and the message are one: corporations serve as a conduit of profits into the pockets of insiders.

The backdrop for this modern morality play was the discovery of a $2-billion ore deposit in Northern Ontario by the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. The date of this discovery remains clouded in mystery. Did Texas Gulf know that it had a major find on its hands when the first hole was drilled in November 1963? Was the actual size of the deposit established only in April 1964? These matters are important in connection with S.E.C. allegations that officers of the corporation profited from the information to feather their own nests. The S.E.C. lost the first round, and the issue is now in the courts again. But then, the law distinguishes only between black and white; unless administered by extremely gifted jurists, it does not see the grey shadings.

The most fascinating part of *The Billion Dollar Windfall* is all grey. It deals with the grey men who run many of the large corporations in this country. In the Texas Gulf case, many of their actions are a matter of record. As a result of "investments" before the public announcement, Fogarty, the executive vice-president, Mollison, the exploration manager, and Holyk, the chief geologist, stood to gain up to $400,000, $45,000 and over $200,000 respectively, largely through the purchase of shares and calls (rights to buy stock later at a predetermined price).

These not insubstantial profits are dwarfed, however, by the largesse bestowed upon them by the Texas Gulf option committee in February 1964, two months before the public announcement. At a price some $145 below the peak which the stock reached some years later, Fogarty got options to buy 7300 shares, making him potentially a millionaire; Mollison received options of 4300 shares, subsequently worth nearly $600,000; and Holyk, who barely squeezed past the $24,000-a-year salary minimum that made him eligible for options, received an allocation of 2000 shares, which could have resulted in a gain of close to $300,000.

While the purchase of stock did entail some risk – minimal, it is true, since sulphur prices were rising – options en-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tail no risk at all to the grantees. It is ironic that, as a result of subsequent action by the S.E.C., some of these options were not exercised, and doubly ironic that they could have been granted right after the announcement at only $10 more a share, making the recipients "honest rich men."

One gets interesting insights into the behavior of the men at the top, and the others, from their pattern of buying stocks. It does differ among the ins and the outs. Fogarty, a well-paid executive, bought a lot of stock outright. Holyk, a man of more modest means, bought both stocks and the more speculative calls. Kenneth Darke, the young geologist who had actually made on-the-spot discovery, bought 300 shares outright and calls on 3000 more.

Darke is reputed to have become a millionaire as a result of his discovery – not through rewards from a grateful Texas Gulf, but by wheeling and dealing in claims and in speculative Canadian mining stocks. His way to riches illustrates the contrast between the milktoasts in corporate suites, and the swingers in the Canadian mining community.

An outdoorsman who did not wish to be chained to a desk, Darke had been employed by Texas Gulf to map other mineral deposits and had survived the spectacular crash of a company DC-3 that left him stranded on a mountain top with a broken back. During his convalescence he convinced himself that there were some really interesting possibilities in an anomaly in Northern Ontario. To get a chance to look into it, he gave up his vacation. Once the find appeared promising, Darke not only plunged deeply into the Texas Gulf stock, but also played the Canadian market, making and losing money selling worthless mining stocks which boomed as a result of the Texas Gulf find. He really made his pile as an insider by going into partnership with a local resident to stake claims which he believed were likely to be worthless (however, as a loyal employee of Texas Gulf, he did not encroach on any land which was coveted by his employer). These claims were then sold to Canadian mining corporations that hoped to boom their stock by buying property next to the greatest mineral discovery in North America.

While in the US we worry about the possible breach of trust by corporate officers – misdeeds which can be traced only because S.E.C. regulations are

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drawn and enforced tightly enough to require managers to be better behaved than Caesar's wife – the stock hysteria on the Toronto Stock Exchange, which lined the pockets of many stock promoters, shows the opportunities offered by the really free enterprise system. For instance, George and Viola MacMillan profited to the tune of a million-and-a-half dollars from their blatant milking of unsuspecting speculators. The MacMillans, mining entrepreneurs who had brought in a number of successful mines, boomed a worthless corporate shell, Windfall Oils and Mines, Ltd., for a large personal gain. But so did a number of other entrepreneurs. In Canada, where there is little stock regulation, the mining stock game is played at the expense of the misinformed and of the optimists who hope to get in and out of swinging stocks at a profit. An investigating commission found out that 92 percent of the investing public lost money as a result.

The surprise of the book is the description of Washington swingers. Darke tipped off a girl-friend in Washington about the favorable prospects of Texas Gulf. Both she and her mother took a plunge in the stock market, buying calls on the stock, and so did the girl-friend's boss, Herbert Klotz, an Assistant Secretary of Commerce, who took a plunge on calls for 2000 shares. Klotz, identified as a former investment banker, claims to have overheard his secretary's telephone conversation "by mere chance." The chance made him $14,600 and cost him his job.

In the midst of the swingers, there is a delightful portrait of a square, William A. T. Gilmore, a well-to-do Hamilton (Ont.) businessman on whose land the mine was found. His income now is some $10 million a year, and it has not affected his lifestyle one bit. It may have complicated his life some, though, since his stepuncles, cousins and aunts are suing him for the estate of his stepfather; and the administrator of the estate is suing Texas Gulf for obtaining the mineral rights under false pretenses. Gilmore returns his royalty checks uncashed to Texas Gulf.

The courts are by far the most interesting peep-hole into the activities of the well-to-do in our society, but the information revealed by courts and investigating commissions is too seldom boiled down to readable terms. This Schulman, a G.P. turned muckraker, politician and author, has tried to do.

Communications

Two Views of the New Economics

Your recent correspondents (Edward S. Herman, Louis J. Walinsky, January 17) are fully justified in criticizing the New Economics, under Walter Heller's chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers. Massive tax cuts and other programs allocated immense resources and spending to relatively unimportant purposes, while slighting egregiously both distributive justice and the great priorities of our domestic needs, and the evil consequences are still being profoundly felt. Insofar as the excuse offered was "political necessity," this did not bespeak courageous leadership. However, the evidence is clear that, even on purely economic grounds, Dr. Heller and his associates persistently urged that a higher level of business investment, relative to consumption, public services, and total national production, was essential to sustained and optimum economic growth.

But the critics make only half of the valid case, because they seem to grant that there was or is a choice between economic growth and these other objectives. As I have pointed out for decades, and most repeatedly during the 1960s, the programs required for sustained and optimum economic growth, and for distributive justice and the great priorities, are precisely the same. This is increasingly true as we enter the 1970s, and those who for so long have not perceived this do not really understand the nature of the US economy, which gives us so unique an opportunity to overcome social conflict by economic coherence.

The regressive and asocial fiscal policies of the New Economics, and its weak-kneed acceptance of the anti-social policy of tight money and rising interest rates, caused its program for economic growth to fail, despite the never-ending claims of "the longest recovery on record." The upward movement of the economy, 1960 to 1964, inadequate though it was, was not attributable to powerful New Economics policies (there were none); it was the same sort of "automatic" recovery from recession as had occurred twice during the Eisenhower era. The massive tax cuts of 1964, to be sure, resulted in a strong upward movement for about two years; $20 billion thrown into the streets would have done that. But because this one powerful measure of the New Economics was so erroneous and disequilibrating in the long run, and because other policies ran in the same direction, recession was generally thought to be imminent in 1966; the New Economics was temporarily saved by large increases in spending for the Vietnam war. Even *with* this increased spending, the real rate of economic growth declined from an average annual rate of 6.5 percent during 1964-66 to only 3.4 percent during 1966-1969, and only 2.8 percent from 1968 to 1969. It was only 1.7 percent from fourth quarter 1968 to fourth quarter 1969, and zero from third to fourth quarter 1969.

The clear acceptance by the New Economics of the proposition that measures repressive of economic growth help to repress price inflation (besides costing us many scores of billions of dollars in real economic growth, which would have enabled us better to "afford" redistributive justice and priority programs) has augmented price inflation greatly. My thesis, expressed as early as 1953, that there is an inverse rather than a positive correlation between adequate economic growth and price inflation, has been completely vindicated by experience. Since 1953, we have suffered the most price inflation during the years of economic stagnation, 1953-1958, especially during the recessionary period 1957-1958, and above all during the past three years of dismal and progressing stagnation. To cap the climax, price inflation by December 1969 peaked greatly, even while economic growth finally ground to a complete halt. Thus, the policies of the New Economics have given us a dangerous brew of inadequate economic growth, sharp economic fluctuations, distributive injustice, neglect of the great priorities, and no solution to price inflation.

The Nixon policies have certainly not been better, and in some respects may be worse, but they do not repre-

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sent much basic change. In any event, where we now stand reflects many years of terribly wrong economic and social policies, not just one year of bad decisions. The New Economists would now do well to substitute self-examination for self-praise, and to lend their great influence to the reeducation of public and private economists and the American people which must be a condition precedent to our getting out of the deep trouble we are in.

Leon H. Keyserling

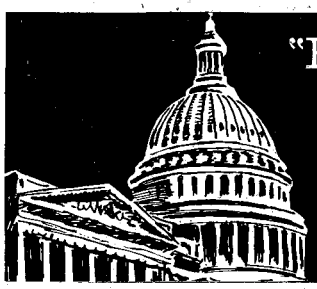
MR. KEYSERLING *was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1950-53.*

Louis Walinsky performs a service by turning Edward Herman's unprovoked attack on Walter Heller into a discussion of debatable issues about the economic history of the sixties. Walinsky's temperate reformulation bears only a faint resemblance to the Herman piece, which understandably evoked a strong reaction from Joseph Pechman. Walinsky deserves a temperate answer.

If Walinsky were only a "pragmatic liberal," he would readily recognize that economic growth *was* the overriding economic growth of the nation in 1960; and that the overriding economic priorities lie elsewhere in 1970 precisely *because* economic growth was achieved during the sixties.

It shouldn't be necessary to remind anyone of the enormous social costs of the sluggish economy we had a decade ago. Remember Khrushchev's threat to bury the United States economically? Remember the anxiety about automation that gripped the old left? Remember the consequences of economic sluggishness at home and abroad: the squeeze on state and local revenues; the steady rise in proverty among nonwhites from 1959 to 1962; the lag in US imports from developing countries? In 1962, Gunnar Myrdal – hardly a narrow fiscal Keynesian – diagnosed the world's greatest problem as economic stagnation in America. To take one specific indicator, the unemployment rate for nonwhite – i.e., mostly Negro – men (over 20 years of age) in 1961 was 11.7 percent; it was 3.7 percent in 1969. However one adjusts these imperfect statistics for understatement, the 1961 versus 1969 comparison will still tell a dramatic story.

There would have been no difficulty



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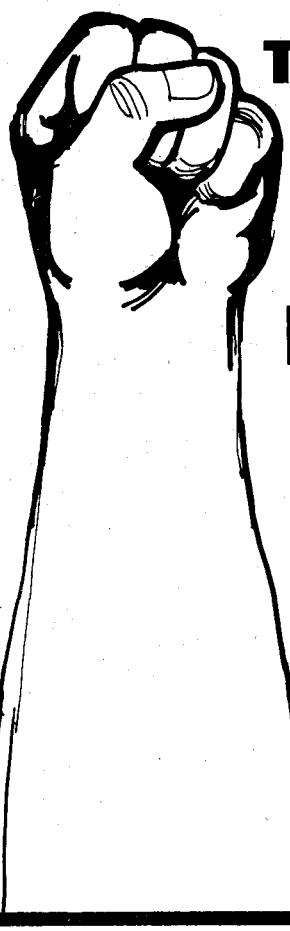

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in 1962 – or with full benefit of hindsight in 1970 – for Walinsky, Galbraith, Pechman, Heller, and Okun to agree on the ideal blueprint for full employment. Surely, it would have involved more efforts on social programs to redirect and rechannel priorities. It would have been a wonderful blueprint, but it would have remained a blueprint. If Walinsky is claiming that it would have been politically feasible in the early sixties to expand public expenditures sufficiently to get to full employment, his political judgment is contrary to President Kennedy's judgment at that time and contrary to the current judgment of any political expert I know. If President Kennedy had not opted for the tax cut in the summer of 1962, I see no reasonable grounds for concluding that expenditures for social purposes would have been significantly higher.

On the contrary, it is most likely that spending on social programs in 1965 and 1966 was higher as a result of the tax cut than it would have been otherwise, because the economic growth generated by the tax cut added to federal, state and local revenues. The tax cut—which is, I trust, clearly distinguishable from the war – was a lubricant, rather than a deterrent, to social efforts.

Surely, more should have been done in the area of social programs, and what was done should have been done better. But let us be clear on the unprecedented volume of resources that were rechanneled toward this area during the sixties. Federal outlays on major social programs (as defined on page 27 of the January 1969 Budget) were $21 billion in fiscal 1960; they rose to $30.4 billion in fiscal 1964; by fiscal 1970, as submitted in President Johnson's last budget, that figure was up to $67.8 billion. As a fraction of our GNP, this category rose from 4 to 7 percent over the decade. Excluding the original social insurance funds, the rise was from under $5 billion (less than 1 percent of GNP) in fiscal 1960 to more than $30 billion (over 3 percent of GNP) in 1970. By any reasonable yardstick – dollars, deflated dollars, or added share of national output – the sixties take the all-time prize for rapid expansion of these areas, as Pechman indicated. (Obviously, the percentage growth of these outlays is not a reasonable yardstick; it was infinite in our first year as a nation – a record which can never be matched again.)

On tax reform as well, I see no substantive grounds for debate with Walinsky. But again our political judgments may differ. As I read the 1969 record, it provides a new sobering reminder that, until we win a long up-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Formerly an editor of Commonweal, JAMES FINN *is editor of* worldview, *monthly journal of the Council on Religion and International Affairs.* ANN DARR *lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland.* JOSEPH N. FROOMKIN *is an economist and co-author of* Technology and Jobs.

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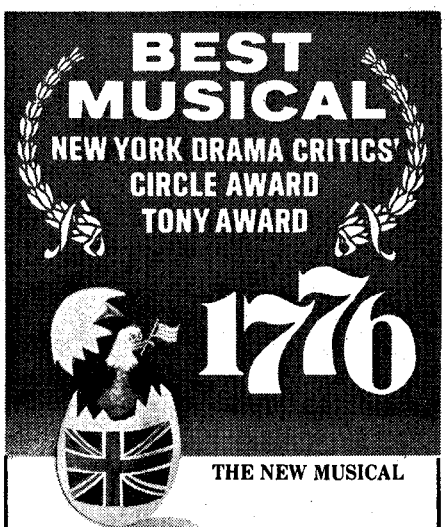

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Arthur M. Okun

MR. OKUN *was a member of the Council of Economic Advisers from 1964-68 and chairman from 1968-69.*

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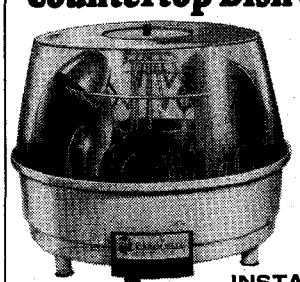
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Correspondence

Medical Care

Sirs:

I read with great interest Fred Anderson's article (January 17) on medical care. I know all too well the frustration involved in trying to obtain anything resembling "normal medical care" from a private insurer. I am a member of the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan (for which I pay almost $500 a year). To mention only a few facts, my wife and I have found almost impossible to get to see a physician in any reasonable period of time except in case of extreme emergency (otherwise, you may have to wait more than two months for an appointment). Obtaining a house visit is no easy matter; once we had to take one of our children with high fever and asthma to the Kaiser Hospital in Redwood City, because we were told that the situation did not justify a house visit. Needless to say, neither the long car trip nor the time spent in the waiting room in any way improved the fever or the asthma. A routine analysis may be a vexing experience; two days after a PAP test my wife was told that a new one was necessary – the slide had been somehow lost or destroyed. A routine check-up was only partly successful; it included a radiography and they did not happen to have any film handy at the moment.

We know – from friends – that you can usually obtain adequate attention from Kaiser in case of serious illness; this is not the case, however, as far as preventive medical care is concerned.

H. O. Fattorini
Palo Alto, California

Sirs:

Mr. Anderson's second article ("Growing Pains of Medical Care," Jan. 24) on the much-needed reorganization of medical practice was excellent and realistic. One further advantage to the component of group practice that he bypassed; the possibility of efficient, inter-physician coordinated, computerized medical record keeping. Instead of the current 18th century reliance on physicians' infamous handwriting on dog-eared slips of yellowed paper, the 20th century physician can quickly obtain a complete review of a patient's

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life-long medical history. Then the science of differential diagnosis can be based on data presented in perspective.

Martin R. Wong
Tampa, Florida

Al-Fatah

Sirs:

The interpretation of the name "Al-Fatah" as an (inverse) "Arab acronym for 'Palestine Liberation Movement'" can be taken seriously only by outsiders. If your correspondent Mr. Zalin B. Grant ("A Hundred Years War in the Middle East," *NR* January 24) can read Arabic, he may find in Lisan Al Arab, the best Arabic dictionary, Vol. 2, p. 537, the true meaning, which is "Conquering of non-Muslim land by Muslims."

It is significant to note that Al-Fatah, which pretends to be Palestinian rather than Pan Arabic, secular rather than Muslim, chose a name so deeply rooted in both Pan Arabic and Pan Islamic Holy War tradition. After 1300 years of almost uninterrupted Islamic rule in Palestine, there is no one specific Palestinian historic hero whose name could be picked up as a name for this organization.

Uzzi Ornan
Cambridge, Mass.

California Sex

Sirs:

In his review of two books of poetry by Rod McKuen in *The New Republic* for January 3, 1970, Mr. Louis Coxe (who lives, trembling and blued with frost, in the State of Maine) remarks, with less than coruscant effect, "What Mr. McKuen guarantees [in his poems] is that a certain California sexual daydreaming can be yours for the asking even if you do move your lips rapidly as you read."

Permit me to point out that this sort of old-fashioned superior amusement at what is fancied to be a bizarre life-style laughably characteristic of and peculiar to the Golden State is pretty strained by now. Sex, I am told, is very popular throughout the inhabited world, and so is daydreaming; "a certain California sexual daydreaming" is, on a more reasonable conception than Mr. Coxe's, merely the sexual daydreaming that takes place in California, in most parts of which the climate, by fostering, St. Tropez-like, the general use of bikinis and conditions of thermally relaxed expectancy of skin-sin, stimulates, but does not differentiate, the universal fantasies of slavering lust. There is perhaps a vacillant tendency of Darwinian evolution for places where people *can* go nearly naked much of the time to become, with time, places where people *do* go nearly naked much of the time; but that, I should say, is probably as far as it goes: there are no doubt quite as many women, in proportion, in, say, Portugal or Yorkshire or Oklahoma about whom a practiced sexual daydreamer could justly entertain sexual daydreams as there are in California, but here one can see . . . much more of them much more often; which leads to the movie business and various amusing folkways.

Mr. McKuen may live in California and like it, but I live here too, and, you may be sure, I didn't invite him. Indeed anyone may come to live here whose person is not confined in prison or by the armed services or the like and who can bear the thought of Ronnie Reagan and Max Rafferty: we do not, alas, exclude anyone. Indeed there are many Californians who came here merely for the sake of a change from the flora of Maine and the chance of spending Christmas by playing volleyball at the seaside.

Robert Barnai
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Unsafe Toys

Sirs:

The New Republic is to be commended for the public service it has rendered in alerting consumers to toy hazards in "News from Toyland" (December 20, 1969).

The article's author is obviously concerned with futhering the safety of our children. However, as sponsor of the bill in the Senate and Chairman of the Consumer Subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee I feel there are certain statements in the article which require correction.

The Child Protection and Toy Safety Act was originally recommended by the National Commission on Product Safety as a "standby" measure until the Commission can develop appropriate recommendations for increasing the safety of all consumer products. In criticizing the statute, the writer fails to note this interim role.

Furthermore, the bill is not a toy industry bill as suggested. It is a fair bill which gives the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare substantially all the powers originally recommended by the Product Safety Commission. Various provisions of the bill were vigorously opposed by the toy industry throughout Congressional proceedings.

Perhaps the most unfortunate statement in Mr. Sesser's piece is his repetition of the wishful thinking of the Toy Manufacturers Association to the effect that the government is powerless to control toys if the hazard is caused by an "inherent" risk rather than a "defect." The actual language of the bill provides that the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare *may ban any toy* which presents an electrical, mechanical or thermal hazard *except* for toys ". . . (1) which by reason of their functional purpose require the inclusion of the . . . hazard, and (2) which bear labeling giving adequate directions and warnings for safe use, and (3) are intended for use by children who have attained sufficent maturity, and (4) may reasonably be expected to *read and heed* such direction and warnings . . ." (emphasis mine).

Under this language the Secretary can certainly reach any toy presenting an undue hazard to children regardless of the nature of the hazard.

Frank E. Moss
United States Senator

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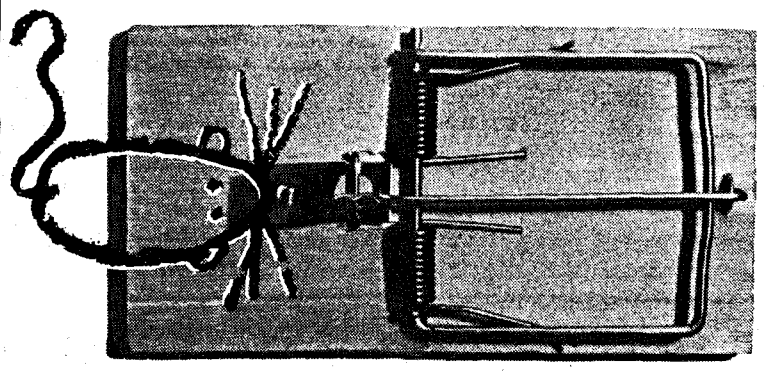

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TV News

Sirs:

Although Elmer W. Lower, President, ABC News gives "a few" of Professor Irving E. Fang's findings in his content analysis survey of how much time TV gives differing views of the news (Jan. 24), they are much too few. May I add a few more from Mr. Lower's own published address of Dec. 10, 1969?

On the Nixon Administration: Faces and words of Administration personnel – three times more air time than their opponents. Statements and direct quotes by Administration spokesmen – 3 hours, 12 minutes – as against 1 hour, 9 minutes for opponents.

On Vietnam: News originating from Vietnam – 2 hours, 41 minutes favorable to Administration; 2 hours, 12 minutes unfavorable. Commentary: Favorable to Administration, 12½ minutes; Unfavorable, 3 minutes!

Other International News: Pro-Administration commentary – 14 minutes.

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Critical – 1½ minutes!

On the ABM Issue: On both news and commentary, pro-Administration views predominated by *two-to-one!*

On the Kennedy-Kopechne Case: Commentary balanced, but news coverage ran to 29 minutes unfavorable, only 9½ minutes favorable, plus one ten-minute statement by Senator Kennedy himself.

An adequate review of Dr. Fang's findings fails to substantiate Mr. Lower's claim of "dedication to objectivity." One might even question the objectivity of the "finder" himself, since Dr. Fang was assistant manager of the ABC News Political Unit himself during most of the period covered by the published survey, a circumstance which would lead some judges to automatically disqualify themselves!

Audrey M. Patton
Wilmington, Del.

Kauffmann, *from page 25*

seen her in. All through them, she seemed to be fighting for crevices into which she could insert her funny little "acts." She hasn't entirely shaken the habit here; occasionally she ends lines with a widening of the eyes and a head-cocking that gets laughs and which are Linda Lavin's vaudeville interludes. But most of the time she tries hard and successfully to deal with the character's cool, measured bile. Marcia Rodd, who plays the actress, is too much like a young Phyllis Diller to appeal to me. Doris Roberts as the conventional housewife is appropriately commonplace.

Robert Moore keeps the action front-and-center in nice, square Broadway style. (There is a large dining alcove in Oliver Smith's setting that is hardly ever used.) As with *The Boys in the Band*, Moore imposes obviously artificial pace and changes of pace. Most of the show is whipped along, including some bits of business that are repeated as running gags. Moore makes a dramatic point by a sudden stop, then a resumption of the dialogue in slow, spaced speech – before it whips up again to another stop, and so on. But he has got Miss Lavin's best acting from her, and he has given Simon's play the requisite lacquer. A better director would have been out of order. Moore, too, is part of the event's glossy perfection.

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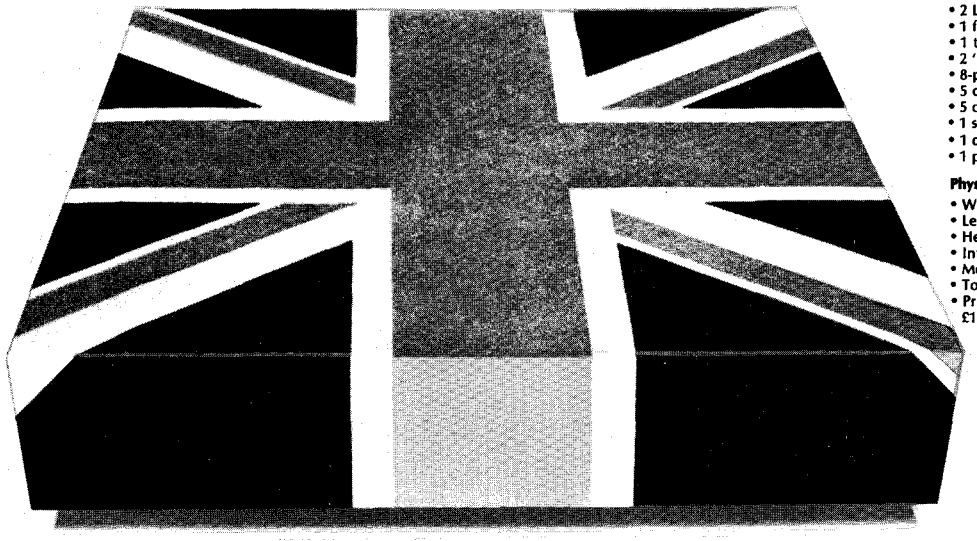

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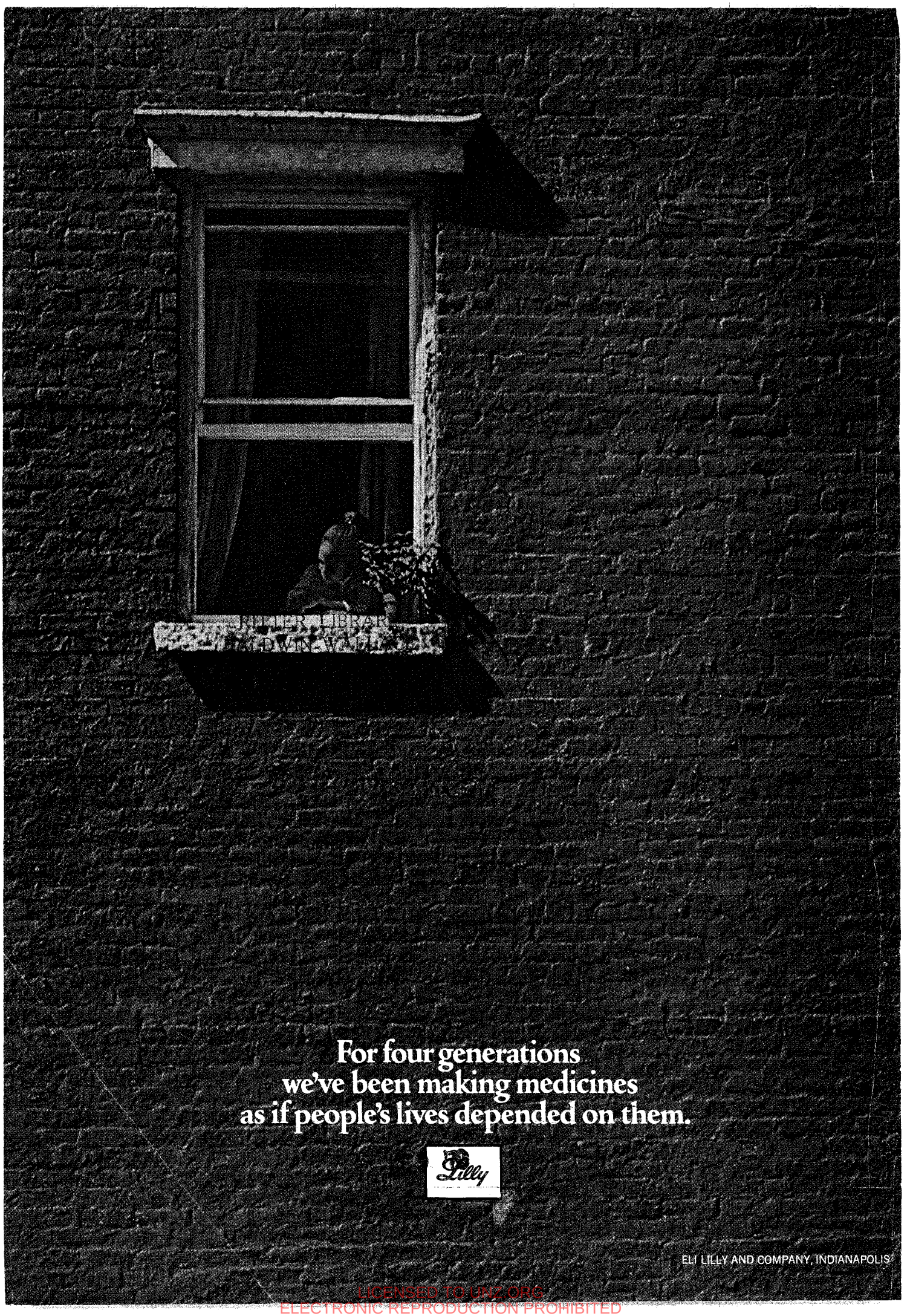
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